

— LIFE OF —
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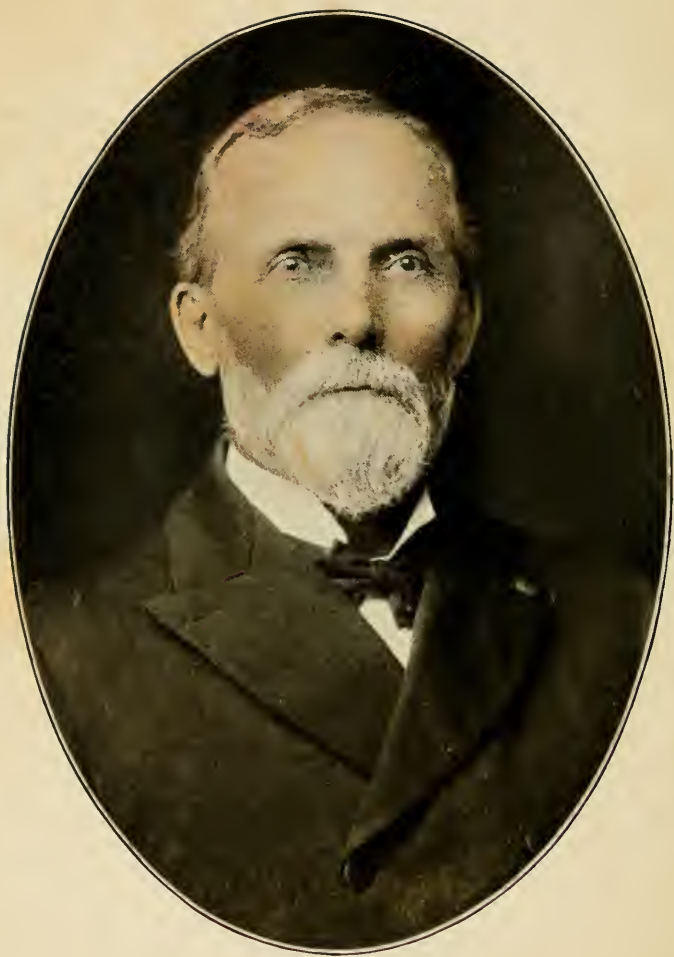
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Rev. Isaiah Lafayette Kephart, D.D.

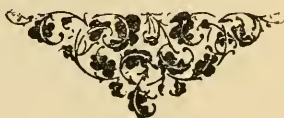
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LIFE *of*
Rev. Isaiah L. Kephart, D.D.

By
REV. CYRUS J. KEPHART, D.D.

and
REV. WILLIAM R. FUNK, D.D.

With an Introduction by
BISHOP G. M. MATHEWS, D.D.



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INTRODUCTION

A MOUNTAINOUS man is the world's greatest possession. In him strength, elevation, and dignity are combined in striking proportions. His massive character rests upon the rock foundation of eternal truth, while its majestic brow towers into the infinite. Civilization's story of every age, both in church and state, is the charming record of mountain-minded men. The strength and influence of their leadership command the admiration of those who study their battles, triumphs, and progress. Towering far above the lowlands, they have the passion of achievement and the strength of influence, wholesome and abiding.

Goodness is a treasure of inestimable value. It clothes personality with a power that counts far more than all the prized accidents of earth. This world possesses no abiding wealth but that of personal integrity. The fruitage of a good life is its joy and crown. "A good man is the ripe fruit earth holds up to God." Life's great task is the making of manhood. Its crowning issue is character, the only treasure that endures. The clayey tenement house fades, fails, and crumbles, but in the very crumbling the imprisoned tenant is liberated and unhindered in its onward march to its eternal crowning. Personal character thus becomes more luminous and consciously real as the eternal ages flow on. The great and the good are therefore immortal. They belong to two worlds. Akin to God, heaven lays eternal claim upon them. Faithful to earth, their toils and achievements leave an imprint upon their age more enduring than the inscriptions upon painted canvas or marble statue.

Human immortality of this kind allows no contingency. Men live on forever, from choice and purpose. God has ordained that the moral and spiritual investments which men put into life shall not be lost out of it. Great characters,

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strong in life, cannot be forgotten in death. The memory of the righteous will not perish so long as this world needs the inspiration of their illustrious lives. Some artist's hand, with brush or pen, will be moved to portray the secret of their greatness and tell the story of their goodness. Why should the fragrant flower of a rich life be lost in the desert of human forgetfulness?

Here memory performs a blessed function. Through its voice yesterday greets to-day and pays rich tribute to to-morrow. Memory holds in its grasp the treasures of the past, which it bequeaths to the future for the study and inspiration of coming generations. All men are debtors one to another. Generations, as they come and go, discharge their indebtedness to their predecessors by pouring their wealth into the lap of their successors.

Biography thus has its wholesome uses. While the printed record of a good and great life does not help the dead, yet it inspires the living. Personal example is an impressive and convincing teacher. Great truths and virtues embodied in a noble character stir those who follow after to high ideals and aspirations, and he who hands down the name and memory of such a personality makes a rich contribution to the wealth of the world's literature.

The authors of this volume have contributed such a service to the Church, and even to the wider world, in furnishing the biography of the princely life of Isaiah L. Kephart, D.D. This volume is of special interest and value because of the happy combination of its joint authorship. Perhaps among all men in our Church, Cyrus J. Kephart, D.D., whose close touch with his brother from childhood enabled him to be the best interpreter of his life, and W. R. Funk, D.D., for many years intimately associated with him in official relation and personal friendship, are best qualified to furnish to the reading public this true story of his long and eventful career.

In this service of love they have tenderly laid upon the immortal brow of Dr. I. L. Kephart a beautiful garland, fragrant with the graces and virtue of a noble character, in language befitting a great soul. What else can be added? And yet the writer of these preliminary words, speaking out of a soul knit in true friendship and grateful blessings received, craves to unite in keeping alive the memory of such a hero. He ventures to add to that wreath already placed a

Introduction

single flower, wet with the dewdrop of an affectionate tear and fragrant with the perfume of a grateful, loving heart.

One could not be long in intimate association with Doctor Kephart without discovering his worthy pride in the streams of influence that enriched his early life. He knew that he had inherited the rich birth-gift of ancestral blood, and with that inheritance the spirit of personal honor, conscientiousness, and manliness. He rejoiced in the splendid home environments which helped to mold his character and give direction to his earlier years. With joyous pride he cherished the memory of the experiences of his rugged pioneer life in the mountains, where the fires of poverty and the discipline of struggle cleansed and laid the foundation of a sturdy manhood. The very recital of those early experiences caused his soul to reach up to heights of manliness and nobility.

Added to his broad culture, nature with lavish hand bestowed upon him gifts that gave him marvelous versatility. He was not a man of one idea. His furnishing had many sides. Wit, humor, anecdote, repartee, invective, adulation were weapons wielded at his own pleasure with telling effect. His ability to write a leading editorial, preach an evangelical sermon, deliver an educational lecture or memorial address, or flash off his pen sparks of poetic genius was indeed unusual. His genuine humor was charming, the sharp blade of his satire cut deep, and his mellifluous words were as sweet as the droppings of the honeycomb.

Doctor Kephart was a recognized leader, not self announced or pronounced, but a real champion of the best thought and advanced movement of the church and state. He was intensely aggressive, and yet always conservatively sane and safe in his leadership. Higher Christian education, moral reform, social regeneration, civic righteousness, and religious progress always received his able and vigorous support. In all these things he adhered to principle and was courageous in the advocacy of positive truth and sane measures. He never trifled with a great cause. With deep convictions he was loyal to his conceptions of right and dauntless in the face of all opposition. God had made him true to the core of his being. He wore not the soft raiment of the time-server. He was no slender reed, swayed and broken by every wind that blew against him. Everybody knew where he stood and what he stood for. Men admired his conservative optimism

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and gladly followed his leadership. He believed with tremendous conviction in the eternal law of the survival of the fittest; that all the forces of truth and righteousness, in the past and present, move on, under God, toward a glorious finality in the progress of his kingdom. He wrote and spoke of this final outcome with the pen of a ready writer and the strength of a spiritual giant. His face was set toward the east. He waited patiently for the dawning sunrise of every great moral movement and followed the sun to the zenith of its power and glory. His heart, even in his older years, was young with hope in the fiercest storm and darkest hour. In this respect he was a rare man of God. But in all his leadership he was a true Christian gentleman. Though strong in his convictions, fearless in his defense and advocacy of what he believed, he was uniformly tolerant and kind toward those who differed from him. He threw the mantle of charity over the frailties and infirmities of his opposing brethren. This Christlike spirit enshrined him in the hearts of all who best knew him.

Especially during the last half century of Doctor Kephart's public career and official life was he associated with the history of our Church. This made him a molding factor and determining force in its thought and life. Being in the forefront of the advance movements of his denomination in that period of its progressive thought and transitional life, his biography is especially valuable to those who are students of the genius, history, and fortunes of our Church.

As a preacher, teacher, soldier, educator, and editor, Doctor Kephart will live in the memory of all those whom he influenced and blessed. But he was loved most and will be remembered longest for the steady shining of his stalwart Christian character. The light of his noble life was no meteoric display that flashed out in the heavens and then vanished. He was rather a fixed luminary in the galaxy of Church leaders. His character not only guided others in the path of right and duty, but being anchored to the eternal verities of God will outshine and outlast the stars. How beautiful was his placefastness in Christ, the divine Son of God. The fires of over a half century did not burn out his fidelity, nor the storms of threescore years and ten sweep him from his anchorage. They only made his character stronger and more enduring.

But how vain and futile are human words to express one's

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appreciation of the solid virtues and qualities of a good man! Since Doctor Kephart, our beloved friend, has so recently gone from us, one can scarcely realize that his pen is simply engaged in the reminiscent portraiture of his princely character and life. The warm pressure of his hand-grasp, the enlivening flash of his penetrating eyes, and the charm of his living presence seem but yesterday. Our eyes are still moist with the tears of parting. He seems still to touch our elbow in conscious fellowship. The sound of his voice still lingers in our ears. However, we know that though his form has vanished from us, his monumental influence remains and abides. Surely the authors of this book have honored both themselves and the whole Church in perpetuating the memory of his noble life. Herein lies the value and mission of this biography. All who read it will prize more highly this inspiring example of concrete Christianity, as they discover how a true servant of God lived, loved, wrought, and triumphed.

(BISHOP) G. M. MATHEWS.

Chicago, Illinois, December 25, 1908.

ANCESTRY

Jesus, Jesus, thou didst die on the cross to redeem my soul from death; thou didst rise from the dead and dost live forever with the Father in heaven; and because thou hast redeemed me and dost live, I shall live with thee forever in the glory world. Praise the Lord. Amen.

I. L. K.

August 13, 1905.

I.

ANCESTRY

THE name "Kephart" is not an attempt to Anglicize the German "Gebhard," but is an ancient dialectical variant of it, probably Swiss. The pronunciation of Gebhard (also written Gebhardt or Gebhart) is properly indicated in English by spelling it Gephart.

Both Kephart and Gebhard are derived from the Old High German Gebahard (pronounced Gay-bah-hart, with the accent on the first syllable). As the German language developed from Old through Middle to New High German, it followed the familiar tendency to contraction, and thus the second vowel of Gebahard was dropped, making a word of two syllables instead of three.

Gebahard was a highly-esteemed surname in the Middle Ages, and afterwards became a common family name. It was borne by bishops of Eichstedt, Constance, and Regensberg, and by the archbishops of Salzburg in the eleventh century. As for its meaning, there is no question among etymologists. The formative elements are (in Old High German) *geba*, giver, and *hard*, which latter word signifies not only hard, harsh, rough, but also vehement, passionate, ardent, eager, zealous. The dictionary of the brothers Grimm defines Gebhard as "a man's

name with the signification, in accordance with which it is undoubtedly formed, of one who gives willingly." Various quotations from early German authors are given by the Grimms to illustrate the history of the name, among them being this from Martin Luther: "*Gott ist ein reicher Quellender born aller Gnaden und Gaben, und billich der rechte Gebhart heissen solt*" ("God is a richly-fed fountain of grace and of gifts, and justly should be called the truly Generous One").

Mediæval spelling was not fixed by dictionaries or by a widely-diffused literature. Every one who could write at all spelled to suit himself, and it was not uncommon for the same individual to spell his own name in different ways at different times. In German there is close affinity between *g* and *k*, *b* and *p*, *d* and *t*, which often were used interchangeably by careless writers. It should also be borne in mind that the literature of the Middle Ages was chiefly Latin, and that when a German or other modern name was introduced in a Latin document, it suffered such change as the real or supposed laws of the Latin language required. Other causes, such as the degree of education possessed by scribes and the influence of dialectical varieties of pronunciation, tended to multiply differences in spelling. The early Kepharts were Swiss, and in the Swiss-German dialect initial *G* has a sound almost like English *K*. Förstemann, in his monumental work on ancient German names, gives the following twenty-three different spellings of the name, which have been copied from registers

and other documents of the ninth to the eleventh centuries: Gebahard, Gepahart, Kebahart, Kepahart, Gebohard, Kebohard, Kebihart, Gebehard, Gebehart, Kebehard, Kebehart, Kepehart, Gevehard, Geueherd, Ghebehard, Gebaard, Gebhard, Gebhart, Gifard, Givard, Gevard, Gedebard, Egebaharttus (that is, ego Gebahartus).^{*} The form Kepahart occurs frequently in Karajan's "*Das Verbrüderungsbuch von St. Peter zu Salzburg*," and Kepehart in Goldast's "*Rerum Alamannicarum Scriptores*." If we drop from either of these forms the second vowel, as was done when Old High German changed to the modern literary tongue, we have left simply the name as spelled to-day—"Kephart."

Records are at hand, more or less extensive, of the descendants of nine eighteenth-century American Kephart stocks, but which fail to verify positive connection with each other. These nine stocks are the following:

1. David Kephart, Sr. (1729-1792), of Frederick (now Carroll) County, Maryland.
2. Nicholas Kephart (1733?-1829?), of Berks and Center counties, Pennsylvania. Also his brother Adam.
3. John Kephart (1751-1822), of Montgomery and Bucks counties, Pennsylvania.
4. Henry Kephart (1750—), of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.
5. Henry Kephart (1750—), of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Iowa.

^{*}Förstemann, Ernst. *Altdeutsches Namesbuch*. Nordhausen, 1856. Vol. 1, col. 451-452.

6. Daniel Kephart (1755?-1822), of New Jersey and Northumberland County, Pennsylvania.
7. Jacob Kephart (1765——), of Pennsylvania (possibly Maryland) and Kentucky. Also four of his brothers.
8. Caleb Kephart (or Kepheart) (1778-1833), of Chester and Center counties, Pennsylvania.
9. John Kephart (1780-1847), of eastern Pennsylvania and Huntingdon (now Blair) County, Pennsylvania.

There is circumstantial evidence that numbers 2, 5, 6, 8, and 9 of the above list were kinsmen, and that numbers 3 and 4 were brothers or first cousins, but no legal proof of such relationship exists.

The spelling Gebhard or Gephart never occurs in the known family records of any of the nine stocks here named, with one possible exception (the father of number 5). It may be accepted as settled that the Kephart family to which Dr. I. L. Kephart belongs has no American connection with any one who has used either of those spellings within the past century.

Nicholas Kephart (number 2 on above list) was the great-grandfather of Isaiah Lafayette Kephart. Letters from Rev. William Penzer, son of Nicholas' youngest child, Catherine, received in 1888 and in 1895, state that his mother told him that Nicholas emigrated from Switzerland to America, and that he was aged ninety-six when he died. Mrs. Nancy Hughes, granddaughter of Nicholas Kephart, stated, in 1904, that she distinctly remembered the old

gentleman, and that he died when she was not yet seven years old. Mrs. Hughes was born May 4, 1823. From these data we may fix the date of Nicholas' birth approximately at the year 1733, and of his death at 1829.

The date of Nicholas' arrival in America is not known; but it must have been prior to 1772, because not later than that date he married Mary Fry (Frey), in Macungie Township, which at that time was in Northampton County, but is now in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania. According to family tradition, Nicholas first settled in Berks County, near Reading. It is probable that he afterwards resided for a time in Northampton County.

In the year 1801, or possibly earlier, Nicholas and his son, Henry, Sr., moved to Center County, Pennsylvania. About 1803, Nicholas cleared a farm and built a house near Philipsburg, in that part of Rush Township, which is now in Clearfield County. Among his neighbors was Abraham Goss, who will be mentioned later.

By his wife Mary, Nicholas Kephart had five sons, Daniel, Abraham, Henry (born about 1777, died 1858), Andrew, George; also four daughters, Christina, Mary, Elizabeth, and Catherine (born 1793, died 1883). Of Daniel, Abraham, Christina, Mary, and Elizabeth we have no records.

Nicholas died in his own house, about half a mile southeast of the old Center Schoolhouse, in Clearfield County, and three miles from Philipsburg, Pennsylvania. He was buried in the old "Abram Goss Cemetery," on a hill one mile east of the

present town of Osceola. His wife, who was born about 1738, died about 1822, at the residence of her daughter Catherine, a mile south of Nicholas' house, and near the site of Osceola.

It is said that Nicholas Kephart was the eldest of six brothers, the names of the others being Adam, Jacob, Daniel, Caleb, and John. Adam is known to have moved from Berks to Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, in 1815. He had at least two sons, Jonathan (born 1797, died 1885) and Daniel; also two daughters, Rachel (born 1809, died 1882) and Sarah (died 1852). Adam's grave in the Goss Cemetery is annually decorated as that of a veteran of the Revolution. Nothing is known about the other brothers of Nicholas. Some of them may or may not figure in the list of early American Kephart stocks previously named. In the latter part of the eighteenth century there were many Kepharts bearing the names of Jacob, Daniel, Caleb, and John.

The third son of Nicholas Kephart was Henry Kephart, Sr., who was born about 1777, probably in what was then Northampton County, Pennsylvania. He was the grandfather of Isaiah Lafayette Kephart. On September 10, 1797, Henry Kephart, Sr., married Catherine Smith and settled at Center Furnace, Center County, Pennsylvania. His wife was an orphan, the daughter of an English man whose wife was German, thus constituting Henry Kephart, Jr., three-fourths German and one-fourth English blood.

The children of Henry Kephart, Sr., and his wife Catherine were:

1. David. Born April 7, 1800. Married Ann Hoffman. Died June 19, 1871.
2. Margaret. Married William Harner. Died in 1833 or 1834.
3. Henry, Jr. Born January 5, 1802. Married Sarah Goss. Died May 5, 1886.
4. Ellen. Married Daniel Kephart.
5. Andrew S. Born April 10, 1807. Married Rachel Kephart. Died September 13, 1882.
6. Mary. Married Andrew Nearhoff.
7. Barbara. Born 1813. Married Simeon Crane. Died June 18, 1892.
8. George. Born 1815. Married Mary Ann Amy. Died March 25, 1865.
9. William. Born July 19, 1816. Married Susannah Goss. Died October 17, 1890.
10. Charlotte. Born January 16, 1819. Married John Crain. Died November 9, 1899.
11. Nancy S. Born May 4, 1823. Married Richard Hughes. Died December 21, 1904.
12. Stephen. Born 1827. Married Rebecca Hoover. Died February 15, 1887.

Henry Kephart, Sr., was registered as an inhabitant of Potter Township, Center County, Pennsylvania, as early as 1801. In 1803, he removed from Center Furnace and settled on a farm two and one-

half miles north of what is now Osceola, formerly Osceola Mills, Clearfield County. The Columbia mine is on the old homestead site. Henry's land warrant for one hundred and eight acres is dated September 13, 1803 (*Pennsylvania Archives*, 3d series, vol. 35, p. 730). This land was then in Huntingdon County, the county of Clearfield not being erected until March 26, 1804.

Here, in a perfect wilderness of pine, hemlock, oak, chestnut, hickory, and laurel, he erected a cabin and commenced to clear a farm. The great labor necessary to the completion of such a task, few of modern times can imagine. The crops were meager, mills from twenty to thirty miles distant, and no road but a mere path leading across the rugged Alleghanies, where the pioneer was obliged to go for his groceries and flour. This disadvantage was, however, largely compensated by the great abundance of game.

In this wilderness, Henry Kephart, Sr., and his wife Catherine opened up quite a farm and reared their family of twelve children.

In January, 1858, Henry Kephart, Sr., went east of the mountains into Bald Eagle and Sinking Valleys, to visit his two daughters, Mary and Barbara. On his return, about the first of February, he left the stage at the Sandy Ridge Hotel, intending to walk home from there by way of Osceola, but was never seen or heard of after leaving the hotel. When it became known that he was missing, search was instituted, and for more than a week hundreds of people traversed the mountains in every direc-

tion in search of his body, but all to no purpose. It is believed that he lost his way in the mountains and perished in the snow. What was supposed to be his skeleton was found long afterwards.

He was never connected with any church, but his wife joined the United Brethren in Christ. Catherine died in September, 1857, and left living eleven children, ninety-five grandchildren, and sixty-one great-grandchildren.

Henry Kephart, Sr., was a good-natured, easy-going, jolly Pennsylvania German, and a man of considerable influence in his neighborhood. He supported his family by clearing land and farming, making shingles and hauling them east of the mountains, and teaming. Though he was not a regular mechanic, yet he was naturally ingenious, and kept a blacksmith shop at his house, where he shod his own and his neighbors' horses, sharpened plows, repaired wagons (doing both the iron and wood work), built iron sleds and harrows. As a neighbor, he was congenial and accommodating, and was loved and respected by all. As a marksman, he was quite a champion, and with his trusty rifle carried off many a prize from the shooting-matches of those rustic times.

Game being plenty, and he and his boys being expert hunters, the family was seldom without meat. Deer, bear, raccoon, and wild turkey were the staples in game yielded by the surrounding wilderness as table tributes to the pioneer skilled in gunning. Henry Kephart, Jr., used to tell that when he was about ten years old he went with his father

on a certain fall evening to "John Shaw's buckwheat field" to watch for deer, and about sundown the deer commenced to arrive, and he counted till twenty-four had leaped one after another into the field. His father shot one; the remaining twenty-three left pell-mell through the brush in great haste, causing the very ground to tremble, while he and his father carried their prey home to the family.

In the little cabin-house that stood at the foot of the hill, Rev. Henry Kephart, the father of Isaiah Lafayette Kephart, was raised from childhood to manhood, having been born at Center Furnace, Center County, Pennsylvania, January 5, 1802. Here, in Decatur Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, among his brothers and sisters, wearing homespun made of flax and wool, spun and woven by his mother's hand, and eating hominy cracked on the hominy block, boiled wheat, potatoes, buckwheat cakes, venison, wild turkey, bear meat, and raccoon, pumpkin, artichokes, beans, melons, cabbage, and cucumbers, maple sugar and molasses, was Henry Kephart, Jr., brought up. While this pioneer life subjected him and his parents to many inconveniences and privations that in these modern times would be considered intolerable, yet at the same time they exempted them from many of the vicious and demoralizing influences that are so prevalent in cities and towns and drag so many young people down to ruin.

The opening up of a farm in this wilderness of hemlock and pine springing from such an unproduc-

tive soil, and the maintaining of a large family, was attended with no small amount of hard toil; hence, as soon as the boys were old enough to wield an ax, pick brush, and hoe corn, their assistance was called into requisition and their time from that on, during the spring, summer, and autumn, was spent in hard work. While this may have been considered a hardship, it nevertheless was not without its benefits. Their time being spent in this way, they were saved from the demoralization to which many young people, from want of employment, are constantly exposed.

During the winter-time, however, the boys had but little to do save chop wood for the fire and feed the few cattle, sheep, and pigs; hence this was to them a time of general recreation. There being no schools for them to attend, they spent their time mostly in hunting, cracking and eating hickory-nuts, chestnuts, and butternuts which they had gathered in the fall, and with shooting with bow and arrow. Shooting at mark with "daddy's rifle" would have been their favorite sport; ammunition was too scarce and expensive, however, for them to indulge in this propensity. It often happened that deer would come within a few yards of the cabin in mid-day, and the family would watch them through the windows for hours, and not be able to shoot one of them simply for want of ammunition, and that sometimes when there was not a pound of meat in the house. Next to the difficulty of keeping a supply of ammunition on hand was the difficulty of supplying the family with salt. It was often the

case that for weeks and weeks there was not a pound of this important article in the cabin.

If the winter was an open one, the boys spent most of the time in "chopping a clearing." This consisted of clearing away all the logs, underbrush, saplings, and small trees, girdling the large pine, oak, and chestnut-trees, and trimming the large hemlocks. This latter feat was accomplished in the following manner: One of the boys would strap a small ax to his back and clamber to the very top of the tree, sometimes to the height of sixty, seventy, or even eighty feet, and commencing at the top, would clip off all the limbs to the root, and thus leave the naked trunk stand.

In the above manner, Henry Kephart, Jr., spent his boyhood and early manhood until he entered his twenty-fifth year. Then, on the 23d of March, 1826, he was married by Abel Benton, Esq., to Miss Sarah Goss, daughter of Abraham Goss.

Mr. Goss was the son of George Goss, a native of Germany, who emigrated to America about the year 1755 and settled in the Wyoming Valley, where he resided with his wife, to whom were born three sons, George, Jacob, and Abraham. At the time of the celebrated Wyoming massacre, Abraham was fourteen years old. His two older brothers were killed in the massacre. He and his father and mother barely escaped by secreting themselves in the laurel. Immediately after this, the father and son enlisted in General Washington's army, and the wife and mother attached herself to the same army as hospital nurse and cook. In this capacity

they served (Abraham as a drummer boy in Cobe's Company, Second Pennsylvania Regiment, Continental Line) until toward the close of the war, when the husband and father was killed in battle. The mother then repaired to General Washington's headquarters in person, and kneeling before him, besought him to release her only boy from further service, piteously telling him that she had given up two sons in the massacre at Wyoming and her husband in battle. The humane general, with tears in his eyes, granted her petition, and she and her son, ragged and penniless, started out to seek a living for themselves. Many were the hardships they endured. They journeyed on, working by spells wherever they could find work, until they finally settled near the present site of Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Here, in the process of time, Abraham Goss married Elizabeth Eimenheizer, who was in blood half German and half Irish. Goss was in blood full German. Soon after marrying, he, with his wife and mother, moved west of the Alleghanies and settled three miles southwest of the present site of Phillipsburg, one mile northwest of the present site of Osceola and one and a half miles northeast of where Henry Kephart, Sr., resided. Here he opened up a large farm and raised a family of thirteen children, named as follows: George, Mary, Jacob, John, Elizabeth, Margaret, Sarah, Abraham, Isaac, David, Suzanna, Joseph, and Solomon. The last, however, died in his infancy, and the mother and wife died when he was born. The father married a second time.

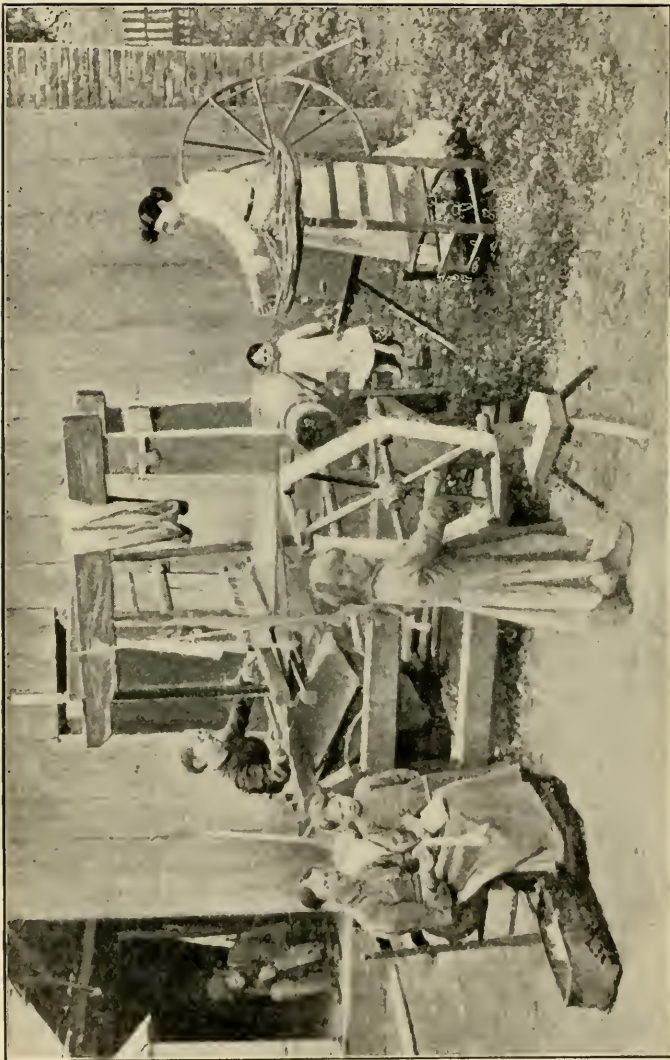
Abraham Goss was much more than an ordinary man. He was progressive and enterprising, a leader in his neighborhood in all matters of improvement. He raised his family quite respectably and started his boys on farms or, rather, wild land of their own. He was a religious, conscientious man, a member of the United Brethren Church, and died in April, 1849, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

After the Revolutionary War, when the United States Government was firmly established and commenced to pay pensions to the soldiers of the Revolution, Abraham Goss found considerable difficulty in establishing his claim to such a pension. He made several attempts, spending time and money, but all to no purpose. Finally he dreamed one night that if he would go to Penn's Valley, east of the mountains, at a certain place he would find living one of his old comrades in the army, a former member of the Company in which he served as drummer boy, who would be glad to identify him, and by his testimony secure for him his pension. Though this was only a dream, the impression was so forcible upon his mind that he resolved to go, and, strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that he found the man precisely according to his dream, and through his testimony secured his pension and drew it regularly until he died.

Sarah Goss, daughter of Abraham and Elizabeth Goss, was born at the "Old Goss Homestead" in Decatur Township, Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, July 6, 1808. During her girlhood she spent much of her time in working on the farm, picking brush, cutting sprouts, and making hay and helping in the harvest



Rev. Henry and Sarah Kephart, Parents of Dr. I. L. Kephart



*The Old-Fashioned Loom and Spinning-Wheel.
Similar to Those Used in Dr. Kephart's Childhood Home.*

field. She never went to school but two months, and to do that she was obliged to walk to Phillipsburg and back morning and evening, a distance of three miles, and that, too, in the winter time. During these two months she learned to spell and read in the New Testament. She also learned to spin wool and flax and to weave on the loom, at which trade, during her married life, she earned many a dollar and thus aided in feeding and clothing her children and in paying for the homestead.

She never learned to write until she was in her fifty-second year; then, having moved to Mercer County, Pennsylvania, she became anxious to write letters to their old neighbors, and she had her youngest daughter set her copies and give her instruction in writing, and she was so persistent that in a remarkably short time she could write quite a legible hand.

When in her twelfth year, one day she and her brother Abraham were engaged in cutting sprouts in the field, and, coming to a large stump, they halted to take a rest. She placed her right hand upon the stump just as her brother brought the ax-bit of his mattock down upon it and cut the index finger of her right hand off at the joint.

As stated before, Henry Kephart, Jr., and Sarah Goss were married March 23, 1826. During the first year of their married life they lived in one room of her father's house, and her husband worked for his father-in-law during the summer and fall, and during the following winter he chopped and ranked one hundred cords of wood in thirty-three days, and each day walked two miles to, and two miles from his work.

In the spring of 1827 they removed to a place one and one-half miles west of where Henry Kephart, Sr., lived. Here a William Harner, who had married Margaret Kephart, daughter of Henry Kephart, Sr., had some years previous cleared several acres and erected a story-and-a-half cabin. This improvement Henry and Sarah Kephart purchased of Harner for fifty dollars, and assumed the article of agreement into which Harner had entered with Hardman Phillips, founder of the town of Phillipsburg and owner of this land, which bound him to pay to the said Hardman Phillips the sum of \$300 for one hundred acres of land, with interest at 6 per cent. from date of the agreement until paid. Their difficulty in paying this small amount may be imagined when it is stated that before the entire debt was canceled and the deed for one hundred acres secured, they had paid to Mr. Phillips, in principal and interest, nearly \$700.

Their home was by no means a pretentious one—a log cabin, sixteen by twenty feet in size, floored with puncheon or slabs split out of pine or chestnut logs, and covered with clapboards. These clapboards were made three feet in length, about six inches wide and one-half inch thick, split out of pine timber, and were held in place by what were called “weight poles,” cut nails being too dear to buy. The joists were pine poles from which the bark was peeled. On these were placed clapboards, forming the upper floor. This constituted the “upstairs” or loft. The chinks between the logs that formed the walls of the cabin were filled first with small chunks of wood and chips and then “daubed” with a mortar made of the native clay.

In one corner of the cabin stood the "corner chimney," constructed of undressed stone and clay mortar, and large enough to take in logs of wood a foot in diameter and five feet long. This chimney or fireplace served both for cooking and for heating purposes. Over it, by the use of a few links of a large chain and a rough iron hook, was hung the "dinner pot," in which were cooked the meat, hominy, corn meal, potatoes, or mush, as might be desired. There was also a frying-pan for use in cooking and a Dutch oven for baking bread. These cooking utensils, with a few plain dishes, constituted the entire culinary outfit in the early cabin home.

The lower floor was all in one room; the ceiling was low and it was lighted by two windows, each consisting of six panes of glass, each pane eight by ten inches in size. At night the house was lighted by a tallow candle, oil lamps being a later invention.

The upstairs was reached by an ordinary ladder, where, as the family increased, additional beds were placed for their accommodation.

Here, in this little log cabin, in April, 1827, Henry and Sarah Kephart set up housekeeping for themselves. The surrounding country was largely a wilderness of timber, Jacob Baughman, one-fourth of a mile distant, being the nearest neighbor. In this small room they managed to have, in after years, two beds and a trundle-bed for the smaller children, a ten-plate stove, corner chimney or fireplace, table, a few home-made chairs, a weaver's loom (a gift of the wife's father), on which the wife and mother wove many hundreds of yards of homespun—and all this on the first floor.

There was a porch to the cabin on which father Kephart at one time made marks to indicate the length, from tip to tip, of a panther that he caught in a bear pen about the year 1831. It measured, when stretched out, eleven and one-half feet from the point of its nose to the end of its tail.

Their entire stock of household goods consisted of enough homespun bedding to fit up two beds, one home-made bedstead, a frying-pan, a Dutch oven, an old cracked but mended teakettle, a cast-iron dinner-pot, a spinning-wheel, an ax, and the trusty rifle. Their live stock consisted of two hens and a rooster, a three-year-old heifer, then giving milk, and two three-year-old steers (borrowed), of which they were to have the use for three years as compensation for training them to work. These steers constituted their team. They bought a shovel plowshare. The husband made the woodwork of the plow, and made a harrow with wooden teeth, and so they commenced to open up a farm.

As it regarded money and book learning, they were intensely poor; but as it regarded brave, loving hearts, strong, vigorous bodies, native genius, pioneer experience, and moral purity, they were millionaires.

While poor, they were industrious, and not only produced nearly all that was necessary for supplying the table, but also for the clothing of the family. The table supplies in those days were, while abundant, yet primitive, consisting chiefly of boiled wheat, beans, hominy, potatoes, venison, bear meat, wild turkey, etc. Wild game was abundant. There were panthers, wolves, foxes, wild cats, bears, deer, wild turkeys, grouse, and

the various kinds of fowl incident to a new country. Bear, deer, and fowl furnished largely the supply of meat, which was both abundant and palatable, dried or jerked venison being quite a luxury.

The clothing was very largely produced and manufactured on the farm and in the home. Such articles as muslin, calico, and woolen goods were scarcely in the market, or, if so, too dear to buy; consequently home manufacture was a necessity. For this purpose the loom and the spinning-wheel were in almost daily use, spinning wool and flax and weaving the cloth from which was manufactured nearly all of the clothing that the family required.

A few sheep were kept, from which there was secured the necessary amount of wool. A small piece of ground was each year sown in flax, and this was pulled, threshed, broken, scutched, hackled, spun, and woven into linsey-woolsey, and dyed according to taste, by means of indigo, madder, and walnut bark.

The mother of Doctor Kephart was one of the skillful weavers in the community in which she lived, and day after day, in addition to caring for the family, she threw the shuttle and swung the lathe of the corner loom. Doctor Kephart used to take pleasure in reciting the fact that the first piece of money he ever had that he could call his own was a silver ten-cent piece that his mother gave him as a special reward for service in "winding the quills" for her through the entire long winter, one of her patrons having paid for his web of clothing in money, a very unusual thing then.

During the fall of 1825 they had both embraced religion and joined the Church of the United Brethren

in Christ; hence the family altar was immediately erected in their little log cabin, and all through their long years of toil, care, and anxiety the fire on that altar was kept constantly burning till their death.

They frequently had prayer-meetings and preaching in this same cabin. As early as 1830 the itinerant preachers of the United Brethren Church visited them and established regular preaching in their cabin once every four weeks. The neighbors (six or eight families) would gather in of a week-day evening for preaching. They would bring with them long pieces of "pitch-pine" wood, split fine, and, after meeting was over, would light their fagots and proceed home. In the cabin they would sit around on the few chairs and benches, and the children would sit on the loom.

Soon after Henry Kephart, Jr., joined the Church, he was made class-leader and then exhorter. He was licensed to preach by Bishop William Brown at Greencastle, Pennsylvania, in 1834, and was ordained by Bishop Samuel Heistand at Shopp's Church, Cumberland County, in 1837. Although he never traveled a circuit or had charge of a field of labor except one year, yet he preached a great deal, attended many quarterly and protracted meetings, and greatly aided in conducting revivals. As a preacher, although he was no scholar in the ordinary sense, his perfect familiarity with the Scriptures enabled him to talk with great clearness and force, always illustrating his ideas with copious quotations from the sacred page. In quoting from the Scriptures, he would always give the book, chapter, and verse, and the exact language, and was so expert at this that the members of his confer-

ence dubbed him the "Allegheny Conference Concordance." So thorough was his acquaintance with the Scriptures and so very reliable his memory, that if the language of any portion of scripture was repeated to him, he could almost invariably and instantly name the book, chapter, and verse in which the language was recorded.

He moved to Mercer County, Pennsylvania, in April, 1859, and to Shueyville, Iowa, in April, 1871. He died at Shueyville, Iowa, May 5, 1886. His wife died October 30, 1887.

To Henry and Sarah were born the following children:

1. Elizabeth. Born December 24, 1826. Died September 6, 1830.
2. Barbara. Born October 24, 1828. Married Daniel Albert.
3. Mary. Born February 12, 1831. Married Abraham Crowell. Died March 14, 1905.
4. Isaiah Lafayette. Born December 10, 1832. Married Mary Elizabeth Sowers. Died October 28, 1908.
5. Ezekiel Boring. Born November 6, 1834. Married Susan J. Trefts. Died January 24, 1906.
6. Abraham Goss. Born April 18, 1836. Died December 20, 1860.
7. Susannah A. Born June 7, 1838. Married George W. Kline. Died April 2, 1898.

8. Isabella Jane. Born April 24, 1840. Married Lorenzo A. Jeffries. Died April 14, 1907.
9. William Snyder. Born March 9, 1842. Killed in battle near Spottsylvania Court House, Va., May 8, 1864.
10. John Henry. Born July 7, 1844. Married Clara Chatley.
11. Sarah Ann. Born January 14, 1847. Married James H. McClintock. Died April 25, 1895.
12. Hiram. Born January 18, 1849. Died November 14, 1851.
13. Cyrus Jeffries. Born February 23, 1852. Married Sarah Scott Perry.

BOYHOOD DAYS

Facing the Future

Pausing here and looking calmly, yet humbly, for that close of my mortal career which I am sure cannot be very far distant, I reverently thank God for the many blessings he has vouchsafed me in the past; and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit which, though great, is offset by a well-founded trust in the merit of Jesus Christ, my Lord and Savior, I await with devout composure, and even joy, the opening of the schoolhouse door, out through which I shall then pass into a higher, nobler, more active, and more appreciative and joyful state of being, "*washed in the blood of the Lamb,*" in his blessed name.

I. L. KEPHART.

Aged 74 years, 1 month, and 9 days.

II.

BOYHOOD DAYS

REV. ISAIAH LAFAYETTE KEPHART may very properly be pronounced a product of the pioneer days in central Pennsylvania.

As stated in the preceding chapter, his parents, Henry and Sarah Kephart, commenced in the spring of 1827 to clear out a farm and earn a living for themselves and family by tilling the soil. Under the most favorable circumstances this is no easy task; much less is it so when it is undertaken, as it was in this case, near the top of the Alleghany Mountains, where the timber was heavy and the soil exceedingly thin. This rendered their efforts much more laborious and their labor much less productive. It was often necessary for the good wife to leave her housework, go out into the clearing, and assist in rolling up logs into piles to be burned, and in picking and burning brush. Hard work on the farm during the summer, and during the winter the threshing out of his grain with the flail and carrying it to the mill and market, occupied the time of the father. During the winter the mother was occupied in spinning wool and flax, and weaving it into clothing.

The difficulties and disadvantages under which these early settlers labored will be appreciated more

fully when it is remembered that even the ordinary lucifer match of the present day was then wholly unknown, and the matter of starting a fire was one of great importance.

During the winter, when large quantities of hard wood were burned in the fireplace, fire was easily kept by covering it with plenty of ashes before retiring for the night, or at other times. During the summer and early fall and the later spring, when so much fire was not desired, the mountaineer would frequently wake up in the morning to find that his fire had gone out. Sometimes the difficulty would be met by going to a near neighbor and getting a "chunk of fire." When that was impracticable, as Doctor Kephart describes, "they would fall back on their own resources, which consisted of a flint, a pocket-knife or a bit of steel used in striking fire out of the flint, and a bit of dry touch-wood—that is, a bit of soft, decayed wood, such as is found in the large knots of maple logs. The flint would then be taken between the finger and thumb of the left hand, with the touch-wood placed under it, so that its front edge would be about even with the front edge of the flint, the two held firmly, and with the steel or the back of the large blade of his jack-knife, the knife being closed, the mountaineer would strike the flint till a spark thus produced would ignite the touch-wood. To this a handful of dead coals would be applied, which, by means of blowing with breath from the mouth, would soon be ignited, and thus a fire would be produced.

"If, however, there were no touch-wood in the cabin, resort was had to the ever-present 'powder-horn.' From this an ordinary rifle-charge of powder was poured on a smooth spot on the hearth, and near it was placed a bunch of skutching tow—the rougher combings of flax—or a bunch of old cotton or linen rags, and then taking the flint in one hand and the steel or knife in the other, the denizen of the cabin would hold his hand near the powder and strike and strike until a large spark would drop into the powder, ignite it, and the flash produced would ignite the tow or rags. If the fire in the tow or rags was very faint, the performer would quickly pour a little powder from the horn into his hand and throw it upon the lingering spark. This would produce an additional flash and more thoroughly ignite the tow or rags.

"In one such case, a man by the name of John Low, instead of first pouring the powder into his hand, poured it direct from the horn upon the fire. The result was the fire followed the stream of powder into the horn, burst it, flashed the flame into his face, singed nearly all the hair off his head, and burned him severely about the face and neck."

Life in those pioneer days was by no means without danger. Wild animals frequently infested the paths and roads through the woods and rendered journeys by day or night quite unsafe. It is related that at one time, George Goss, an uncle of Doctor Kephart, came very near having an encounter with a panther. "He was returning home one Saturday night about midnight, from a visit to

his sweetheart, and his way led through two miles of a dense hemlock and pine forest. It was quite dark, and he had neither lantern nor torch. Soon he saw in the darkness the eyes of a large panther approaching him. In a cat-like manner it drew nearer and nearer, he closely eying it all the time until it was within fifteen feet of him, when it stopped, lay quietly down in the middle of the road, rested its jaws upon its paws, kept its eyes fixed upon his, and for some time lashed the ground with its tail. There it lay and there he stood, each eying the other closely until day had fairly dawned, when it leaped away in the laurel, uttered two or three screams, and its prisoner, with light feet, and a lighter heart, skipped home."

Doctor Kephart's story of "Josey Earls and the Cubs" gives quite a picturesque view of dangers met with in those early times. Josey Earls was quite a Nimrod in those days. He was a man of about five feet, five inches, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds. His dress was a pair of buckskin knee-breeches, buckskin leggins, shoes, a buckskin tight jacket, and a large coonskin cap. Thus dressed, with his knapsack on his back, and his trusty rifle on his shoulder, he would quite readily have passed for a Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett, but for his diminutive stature.

At a certain time, he started out determined to capture some young bear cubs, his purpose being both a little fun and the profit from their sale. The description follows:

"His plan was perfected, and after an early break-

fast of corn bread and broiled venison, with his trusty rifle on his shoulder (dogs he never kept), he set out in quest of young cubs. Leisurely he strolled over hills, across ravines, through laurel thickets, until the sun was rapidly sinking in the west, when he resolved to return to his cabin and hope for better luck another day. His steps being now quickened by hunger and a desire to reach camp before night set in, he was pursuing his way through a deep ravine, which was completely roofed over with pine and hemlock boughs, and across which lay the prostrate trunk of a huge pine-tree. Having climbed upon this, he was walking on it to avoid the laurel thicket, and by chance he cast a glance down to the side of the log, when there, among the leaves and underbrush, in a huge nest, he espied, to his great delight, a fine pair of cubs, not more than eight or ten days old. The experienced hunter knew that there was no time to be lost. It was one thing to find so rare a prize, and quite another thing to secure it. If nothing interfered, it would be the easiest thing in the world to convey the young prowlers of the forest to his cabin, which was not more than a mile distant; but if Madam Bruin put in an appearance, she would be very apt to object to the removal of her progeny in a manner calculated to make things both warm and lively for the hunter.

"In much less time than it takes to write it, he leaped down to the edge of the nest, grasped the cubs, thrust them into his large shot pouch, scrambled to the other side of the ravine, and made

off in the direction of his cabin as swiftly as possible, ever keeping a 'sharp lookout behind.' But he had not proceeded twenty-five rods when the crackling of the brush warned him of Bruin's being in close pursuit with all the fury of a 'bear robbed of her whelps.' He could easily have freed himself of all danger by dropping the cubs, but that did not suit his purpose. Quickly he took his stand behind a huge hemlock-tree, lowered his rifle in position, and when the bear, on a full run, was within ten steps, he fired. But alas for his chances! In his haste and excitement his aim was not as sure as it was wont to be, and the ball, while it did not disable the brute, took sufficient effect to thoroughly arouse all her latent fury. On she rushed like an avalanche, uttering the most terrific growls; and dropping his rifle, the hunter grasped his knife, and the monstrous, infuriated brute and the lithe little old disciple of Nimrod closed in a life-and-death struggle. The mere momentum of the bear was so great that she at once bore the hunter to the ground; but fortunately he held on to the knife and retained sufficient presence of mind in this trying ordeal to use it with efficiency. For as much as five minutes (it seemed an age to Earls) they rolled and tumbled over each other, the hunter as often as possible making thrusts at the bear with such telling effect as to cause the blood to flow freely.

"At last, when his breath and his strength were rapidly failing, and Bruin, having flung him to the ground apparently for the last time, was standing



*Dr. Kephart on his First Circuit, and
while the Pastor at Hummelstown, Pa.*



*Schoolhouse in Pennsylvania where Dr. Kephart Attended.
(As it appears here, used as a residence.)*



*Chaplain and Mrs. I. L. Kephart,
(Taken during the War.)*

over him attempting to get hold of his breast with her monstrous teeth, the hunter, mustering all his strength, sent the trusty knife upward and forward through the chest of the bear and pierced her heart, and with a hideous growl she rolled off him dead. For as much as ten minutes he could do nothing but lie still and pant for breath. Having regained strength, he gathered himself up, viewed for a moment the dead body of his monster antagonist, examined his shot pouch to find that the cubs were still safe, and then, limp and bleeding, he set out for his cabin, where he arrived just as twilight set in."

Speaking of his own experience, Doctor Kephart says:

"The writer distinctly remembers the awful dread he and his two elder sisters had of bears, that fear being the result of the dreadful bear stories often told in their presence. One Sunday afternoon, when he was in his fourth year, bears being numerous that summer, two dogs ran one of the black animals into the field near his parents' cabin, and treed it on a large oak-tree. It climbed to the first large limb, and, poising itself thereon, looked down defiantly at the dogs. The writer's father grasped his rifle, ran sufficiently near, took deadly aim, the rifle "spoke," and Bruin tumbled from the tree, mother and we children eagerly watching the entire performance. The skin was taken from the carcass and hung in the barn to dry; but such was the dread of us children for bears that we could not be induced to go to the barn while the bear's skin hung there.

"Later in the fall of the same year, father and

mother sat one Sunday afternoon on the porch, the former reading the Bible and we children playing around. Suddenly there came from the adjacent forest the piercing squeal of a hog. Father listened a moment and exclaimed, 'A bear has that hog!' With that he sprang to his feet, ran into the cabin, grasped his rifle, ran across the meadow, and soon disappeared in the timber. In less than ten minutes from the time he started we heard the report of the rifle, and the bear was killed. The hog, which belonged to our nearest neighbor, Jacob Baughman, was so badly crippled that it had to be killed also."

The first team that Henry and Sarah Kephart used was a borrowed yoke of three-year-old steers. To train them so as to render them tractable was no small task, and "many an hour," says Doctor Kephart, "did mother walk by their heads and lead them while father held the shovel-plow that they drew." These steers they had the use of for three years for training them to work, and at the end of this time they returned them to their owner, then a yoke of well-trained cattle. For a team they now had a pair of three-year-old steers of their own partially trained. This constituted their team for about eight years. At the end of this time they purchased a bald-faced mare called "Fly." By herself she worked well, but when harnessed with another she would sometimes become balky.

On the 24th day of December, 1826, their first child, Elizabeth, was born. She died on the sixth day of September, 1830. This was a heavy blow to the parents, especially the mother, for Elizabeth was just old enough to be great company for her in their wilderness

home. On October 24, 1828, their second child, Barbara, was born. She was named after one of her father's sisters. On the 12th day of February, 1831, their third child, Mary, was born, and on the 10th day of December, 1832, their fourth child, Isaiah Lafayette, the subject of this biography, was born. His first name was given by his father, who was a great admirer of the prophecies by Isaiah, and the name was given in honor of him. The second name was given by his mother's brother, Abraham, who, having heard from his own father so much about General Lafayette and what he had done to aid the Americans in gaining their independence, had become a great admirer of the patriotic, liberty-loving young Frenchman.

Doctor Kephart says: "Among my earliest recollections were mother's cooking over the fire on the corner chimney, baking bread in the Dutch oven, spinning and weaving, and teaching me to kneel at the trundle-bed and say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' etc., and father's coming in from a day's hunt, having on his 'coon-skin' cap, carrying his gun and shot-pouch and the small deer he had killed. I also remember (and I could not have been more than three or four years old) that during a part of one winter Uncle David Goss was employed by father to thrash out his wheat with the flail. This uncle was then a young man and very full of fun, and I would insist on sleeping with him. He slept upstairs. This apartment was very open. We could see out through the clapboards and chinks, and consequently it was a cold place to sleep; but we slept comfortably under the feather tick. The only way to ascend to this apartment was by

means of a ladder that stood in one corner of the room. On this I could ascend but could not descend, and I well remember that one morning I awoke, crept out of bed (Uncle 'Dave' was already downstairs), ran to the stairway, and, lying and stretching my head down, called for some one to come up and lift me down. My mischievous uncle promptly came at my call, got me by my two ears, and lifted me down.

"I also remember that one day, about this time, I teased my mother to let me go out to the barn to see Uncle 'Dave' thrash. Finally she consented. My oldest sister put a cloak about my shoulders and I started to the barn. When about half way there, an old gander set upon me, threw me down, and commenced to pinch me with his beak and pound me with his wings most unmercifully. Uncle heard my screams, ran to my relief, knocked the pugilistic old gander to one side, and carried me to the barn; and when I became cold he carried me into the house. These are among my earliest recollections."

On the 6th day of November, 1834, the fifth child, Ezekiel Boring, was born. He was named after Ezekiel Boring, an eccentric old United Brethren presiding elder, who had conducted some successful religious meetings and preached quite powerfully in the neighborhood during the year 1833-34. Doctor Kephart says: "My earliest recollections of my 'black-headed' brother (I was 'white-headed' when a boy) are as follows: On a warm summer's day my mother was washing and had her tubs set in the shade of a great gum-tree that stood about four rods from the spring. The spring was large and deep and walled with stone.

The water was nearly up to the top of the wall—so near that it was conveniently dipped with a bucket. While mother was busy with her washing and my two sisters were at the house taking care of the baby, my little brother and I were at the spring paddling in the water with our hands. Several times mother called to us to go away from the spring lest we fall in. Finally my brother's foot slipped and in he went. He screamed at once and mother came running, frightened almost out of her wits, thrust in her arm, got him by the shoulder, and drew him out very much strangled. A thorough shaking and a little time restored him to consciousness. Rest assured this bit of experience made us thoroughly shy of the spring thereafter."

Speaking of the other members of the family born in this second cabin home, Doctor Kephart says: "On the 18th day of April, 1836, my second brother, Abraham Goss, was born. He was named after his Grandfather Goss. No important event marks my earliest recollection of him. On the 17th day of June, 1838, my fourth sister, Susannah A., was born. Of her birth I have a distinct recollection. Well do I remember how we stood around Grandmother Kephart and gazed upon the little red baby while she told us how she had found a little baby in a hollow tree and brought it to be our little sister."

The following description of a barn-building indicates some of the characteristics of Father Kephart. The description is given in the words of Dr. I. L. Kephart:

"During the summer of 1837 my father built a round log double barn. It was called a double barn because

it consisted of two bins, eighteen by twenty-four feet, and fourteen feet high 'to the square,' with a space between the two bins of about eighteen by twenty-four feet for the thrashing-floor.

"The raising of this barn marked an epoch in the history of Clearfield County. Prior to this time it was deemed impossible to raise a small cabin or barn without the aid of a gallon or two of whisky; but several years before he raised his new barn, Henry Kephart had resolved on total abstinence. He felt that there was a curse lurking in the bottle and was determined not to incur the woe pronounced upon 'him that giveth his neighbor drink.'

"He had been thoroughly convinced also that as a help in accomplishing a great task, whisky was a fraud. This conclusion he was brought to in this wise: He had a clearing on hand and invited his neighbors to a log rolling. Ten of them came. They had as help, two yoke of oxen and one and a half gallons of whisky. They worked all day and made ten log-heaps. The next day he hired his neighbor (Mr. Jacob Baughman) to assist him and they two made eleven log-heaps, and with only one yoke of oxen and no whisky to assist them. This satisfied him that whisky as a help was a fraud, and he resolved from henceforth and forever to have nothing to do with it.

"When he was ready to raise his new barn, he went around and asked his neighbors to come on a certain day and assist him. Many of them would ask, 'Are you going to have whisky?' and he would frankly tell them 'No.' 'Oh! I am sorry for you; you are sure not to get your barn up without whisky.' But the day

came, and with it came the neighbors in force. The barn was raised by sundown, complete. Not a man was injured and there was not even one fight—a circumstance that had not been known to occur in the county before.

“The fall following, the barn being finished, a quarterly meeting was held in it. Rev. Harmon Ow was the presiding elder and Rev. Adolphus Harnden the preacher in charge. On the Sunday of the meeting the presiding elder thought they would just have communion and feet-washing in the evening and dispense with preaching, but Harnden insisted on having preaching and inviting mourners. He said there were sinners attending the meeting who needed religion, and that that barn had been raised without whisky (he was a radical teetotaler), and he said, ‘I am sure if we do our duty the Lord will give us a revival.’ The elder yielded to his earnest solicitation and appointed him to preach. He did so with his usual zeal, and the result was that ten persons came forward as seekers. The meeting was a powerful one and some fifteen joined the Church before it closed. Harnden remarked in his blunt way, ‘I knew the Lord would give us a revival because that barn was raised without whisky.’ This barn stood some eighty rods distant from the little log cabin, and I well remember of my mother and Aunt Susan Goss carrying me to the meeting.”

During the summer of 1839 Henry Kephart built a new house near to the new barn. This was a hewed log structure twenty-four by thirty-two feet, two stories, and covered with shingles, and, compared with the little log cabin, was quite a pretentious mansion. In

March, 1840, the family bade adieu to the little log cabin and moved into the new house. That was an event in the history of the family. The large, unfinished new house was very different from the old. The first and second floors were properly laid, but there was not a partition in the house. The cracks on the first story were chinked and filled with mortar, but those on the second story were quite open. There were five windows, each containing twelve (eight-by-ten-inch) panes of glass on the first story, but none on the second; the large stone chimney that stood outside and in the center of the south end of the house, was only raised a little more than half way to the top of the house with stone, and the remainder was made of pine boards. This during the summer caught fire several times, but during the following fall the boards were taken down and the chimney finished up with stone.

The beds for the children were placed on the second floor, and, the third or attic floor not being laid, it made a most airy and romantic place to romp and sleep. Before winter came the cracks were all filled with chunks and plastered on the outside with mortar, and several windows inserted and a partition put up, separating the lower apartment into a kitchen and a living-room.

Here, on the 24th of April, the eighth child, Isabelle Jane, was born, and in this house were born the remaining five children of the family. Doctor Kephart says: "The first winter we spent in the new house, our preacher, Rev. Isaac Kuhns, with his wife and son Levi, a boy about my age, made his home with us. It was a long, cold winter. The snow was deep most of

the time and we had quite a time wading through it to the old schoolhouse in the corner of Grandfather Kephart's field, about two miles distant. Levi Kuhns went with us most of the time, but, being a peevish, puny boy, he gave us a great deal of trouble."

No more appropriate closing can be given this chapter than two of Doctor Kephart's poems, in which he expresses his memory of, and attachment to the scenes of his boyhood days.

THE OLD GUM-TREE.*

[Written March 1, 1880.]

The stately gum-tree! How it towers aloft!

Its green, wavy branches, 'neath whose grateful shade
My brothers and sisters in youth scampered oft,—

How those branches spread out when 'neath them we
played.

It stands near the cot, not far from the spring,

That rustic old cabin in which I was born,—

How our joyous young voices oft caused it to ring,

While that sturdy old tree was lashed with the storm.

When the storm had subsided, then sallied we forth,

As the sun kissed the raindrops away from its leaves;

And we swung in its branches, as wind from the north

Drove the rain-clouds away, and birds in the trees

Sung their anthems of praise for sunshine and showers—

For the pure, balmy air and the sweet-scented flowers.

Dear, stately old tree! What memories twine

Round thy sturdy old form! How I think, as I gaze,

Of the innocent pleasures of thoughtless youth-time,

And the rustic delights of those earlier days.

How, dressed out in "homespun," we scampered about,

And the mountains reëchoed the songs that we sung.

Twice twenty long years have since sped away,—

Their freight of humanity's joys and sad tears

They have borne to eternity's shore,—there to lay,

While the days multiply into seasons and years.

Once more I sit down 'neath thy shade, old gum-tree,
And my thoughts hurry back to the days so long past,—
Oh, the many reflections! the wonders I see,
As I think of the time when we scampered here last.

Old friend, you're the same; but a little more frail,—
The sod 'neath thy boughs seems as soft and as green
As when with my brothers and sisters so hale
I sported in innocence under thy screen.
One brother is gone, who played with us here,—†
The youngest of three,—for God took him home;
And others are scattered, some far and some near,
While I on this spot once more, and alone,
Recline 'neath thy shade to think of the past,
And hope we may meet in the home of the blessed.
Dear father! dear mother! They, too, have removed,
And dwell on the prairies; this home, how they loved!
Here, here, in their youth they united for life,
And commenced first to live as husband and wife.

Old tree! 'neath thy shade their table they spread,
And gave to the host, who the Word came to hear,
From their own scanty store of butter and bread—
They gave as to Him whom they loved to revere.
But time has rolled onward, and forty years sped
Away to the past since that day; and to think
Of the scores that have with it passed on to the dead,
And now tread the paths on eternity's brink.

I, too, speed along with the flight of old time,
Now stop but a moment, to think of the past,
But, as I move onward, those youth-sports of mine,
The sight of the gum-tree revives them at last.
Dear home of my childhood! so rustic, so plain!
Would thy innocent sports were mine to live o'er.
Dear parents! dear brothers! dear sisters! how fain
Would I nestle around you so fondly once more.
But may I not hope for a home by and by,
Where we shall all meet,—in the realms of the blest?
Oh, yes, for the Day-star illumines the sky,
And faith clearly points to a heavenly rest.

*This tree stood near the original round-log cabin home.

†Abraham Goss Kephart. William was also dead at time of this writing, but he was not born in the cabin near the gum-tree.

A VISIT TO MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

[This visit was made during the summer of 1907.]

I stood upon the spot half-way between
Where once the house and barn had been ;
It was the garden spot where, oh, so oft,
I then had seen my mother weed the onion bed,
The cabbage hoe; the beans and peas
And lettuce cultivate.

From there I strolled
Off to the big and little springs. How
Changed were all! The gum-tree's dead,
The spring-house gone! No milk and
Cream and butter there as once they were,
So cool, refreshing, and with bread,
So hunger satisfying.

My heart was sad
As in my mind the loved ones of the
Years so long gone by I fresh recalled
To mind, and lived again with them
The happy days of that now long-gone
Time, and those ne'er-to-be-forgotten years.

Where are they now? Beyond that
Bourne whence traveler ne'er returns.
I sauntered then away among the apple-trees,
Trees which when but a child I saw
My father plant; then small and tender
Shoots; now great strong trees with
Branches spreading wide and laden
Well with fruit. In years long gone I'd
Seen my mother smile while looking
On the bloom of all those trees then very
Young, because the bloom to her discerning
Eye was prophecy of coming fruit.

I journeyed to and fro across those dear old
Mountain fields. To me the very stones and
Every clod was precious, for had
Not father dear with plow and hoe
And tread of his now hallowed feet
Stirred, tossed, and pressed each, every one
Of these in days so long ago?

Ah! rugged mountain farm, home
Of my childhood days, would that
I could go back to you just as you were
When father there and mother dear, my
Brothers and my sisters, too, all in one
Large family circle clustered there
And made it, of all spots on earth,
Most dear to me, because it was my
Childhood's homely, peaceful,
And contented home. But that can
Never be. They all are gone, and I
Alone am here.

So, sacred spot, fields cleared by father's
Sweat and toil, where once I romped
And played with brothers, sisters dear,
I'm with you once again, and very
Likely for the last, last time I'll ever be.
I hold to you my hand of cordial greeting
In token of my love for you.
The way of all my kin I go; like them,
I, too, must bid you all adieu.
How soon I'll sleep the sleep of death,
I do not know, but while my reason
Keeps its throne, and my memory holds
Good, I will not fail to cherish
Most tender, pleasant memories of you.

**SCHOOLBOY AND
LUMBERMAN**

I have tried to live a Christian life; I die the Christian's death—a sinner *saved by grace*, through faith in Jesus Christ, the divine Son of God.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

I. L. KEPHART.

September 18, 1908.

III.

SCHOOLBOY AND LUMBERMAN

THE early boyhood days of Doctor Kephart were spent, as were those of other children in the vicinity, about his home, he early showing a disposition to be helpful in providing and caring for the family. When he was six years old, he attended his first school. Speaking of these early school-days, he says that his parents paid four dollars for two months' tuition for him and a sister who was four years his senior. Their teacher was Abraham Goss, their uncle. Their textbooks were Webster's Spelling Book and the New Testament. Through the assistance of her mother, his sister had become quite an apt reader before she went to school, and Isaiah, then in his seventh year, was advanced from the alphabet to the "a-b-abs" the afternoon of his first day's schooling, and he tells how proud he was, upon reaching home, to inform his mother and receive the welcome approbation, "That 's a good boy." His description of the school exercises is as follows:

"Soon after school was called, the pupils who were trying to learn their letters and those who were beginning to spell words of two and three letters would be called to the teacher, who had his seat in one corner of the room, one at a time. Those learning the alphabet would say their letters over from a to z and then backwards from z to a, after which the teacher would

point to several different letters at random, asking the pupil to name each and telling him the names if he did not remember them. Not until the pupil could name every letter at sight was he advanced beyond the alphabet.

“The advanced pupils were given lessons in reading, writing, and arithmetic. In reading, they would stand up in a row, sometimes reaching two-thirds around the room, and each in turn would read a verse from the New Testament, the teacher pronouncing the difficult words. Never did the class read in concert; such a thing was not known, and would have been considered a dangerous innovation.”

School was kept in a log cabin, which he himself thus describes:

“Well do I remember the little, dingy, log cabin schoolhouse. It stood in a corner of grandfather’s field, on the top of a hill. Close up to the northwest swayed the tall pines and hemlocks, to the east and south were the fields in which we played ball, and to the north, among the timber, was the path to the spring, leading down the steep hill, which afforded us a sliding-place. But that old schoolhouse! What a spectacle it presented on a cold winter’s day when school was in session! No plastered walls and ceiling, no blackboards, no patent seats and writing-desks. The walls were of round pine logs; the chinks were filled first with bits of wood and chips wedged in and ‘daubed’ with mortar made of yellow clay, without sand or lime; the floor was of rough pine boards, having in it large cracks, and the joists on which the ‘upper floor’ rested were rough, round pine poles not

more than seven feet above the lower floor. The 'writing-benches' (desks) were constructed by boring holes into the logs of the walls and driving large wooden pins into these holes and placing rough pine boards upon these pins, the holes being so bored as to give the boards an inclination towards the wall of about thirty degrees.

"In front of these rough writing-desks were placed benches on which we sat when writing, so as to face toward the wall and have our backs all turned toward the inner part of the room. These benches, with those occupying the interior of the room, were constructed by taking straight pine or chestnut poles about eight inches in diameter, splitting them in halves, smoothing the flat side with a chopping-ax, and boring four holes (two at either end) into them, and driving large wooden pins into these holes, which answered as legs on which the benches rested.

"The house had three windows, one of twelve panes of glass (six by eight inches) on the south side, a similar one on the north side, and on the east side a long, narrow window having ten panes of glass in it, so arranged as to make a window two feet high and four feet wide. This window was constructed in this way to give light all along the long writing-board that graced the west side of the room.

"The apartment was heated by a large, old-fashioned 'ten-plate' stove, which occupied the center of the room, and in which wood was used as fuel; in the southeast corner of the room was the remnant of an old 'corner chimney' built of very rough stone, for this cabin had been originally erected for a dwelling-house.

"The door was on the east side from the big road which passed near by. Not a particle of paint of any kind graced any portion of the schoolhouse or its furniture, and as the 'clapboards' which formed the roof were held in their place by 'weight poles' instead of being nailed down, I am safe in saying that not five pounds of nails were used in erecting the entire structure."

The humdrum of school-day life was relieved by many an interesting episode, two of which are described below in the language of Doctor Kephart himself:

"John Hughes, an Englishman, was our teacher (successor of Abraham Goss), and, being cross, made us toe the mark closely. He was a young, single man of hot English blood, and with him it was a 'word and a blow,' and sometimes the blow came first. I remember one afternoon I was sitting studying my spelling lesson very diligently. By reason of my feet not reaching to the floor and having no support, they became numb, and to relieve them I swung them to and fro, and the toes of my shoes would occasionally, without my noticing it, touch the floor. All of a sudden the teacher's long rod (he kept a birch rod fully five feet in length, and with it he could readily reach me without rising from his seat) came crash! crash! across my little shoulders. It brought me to my feet instantaneously, very much surprised, for I was thinking that if there was a pupil in school deserving of commendation just then for diligently studying the lesson, it was myself. I stared an inquiring stare at the teacher, as much as to say, What have I done to merit such cruel treat-

ment? Imagine my surprise and chagrin when he roared out, 'Keep your feet still!' Oh, how my little heart did then ache with a sense of brutal and unjust treatment. It was a long time before the wound in my heart was healed. I carried my grievance home to a sympathetic mother, who bemoaned my ill treatment, but soothed my wounded feelings by assuring me that it was better to be beaten innocent than guilty, which up to that time in my life was the hardest thing I had ever tried to see."

Doctor Kephart describes particularly a certain "barring out the schoolmaster" which took place at the old schoolhouse on the hill in "Granddaddy Kephart's field." The teacher was Henry Platner, from Blair County, about twenty-five years old. The school was composed of between forty and fifty scholars of both sexes. The "barring out" occurred at noon when the teacher had gone to a neighboring house for his dinner. The description in part follows:

"No sooner was he gone than all hands hastily partook of their dinners, and then, instead of going out to play ball, 'ring-around-the-rosy,' 'see-saw,' and so on, all remained within, fastened the door, and made every possible preparation for 'keeping him out.' One end of a bench was placed against the foot of the stove and the other end was brought one-third the way down from the top of the door and made to rest firmly against this. On this, three small lads (Bill Shaw, Ess. Kephart, and John Reece) were stationed to hold it firm. It was deemed expedient to extinguish all the fire in the stove lest the assaulting party, either by throwing brimstone down the pipe, or by placing a

board on top of it, smoke us out. John Green, a colored boy of sixteen, and I were stationed aloft armed with a piece of slab five feet in length to prevent his coming in through the roof.

"At length, about ten minutes to one o'clock, we saw his head gradually appearing over the hill. Promptly the alarm was given to those below, and all hands flew to their posts. Abe Goss, Hen. Kephart, Dan. Crowell, and Henry Baughman had command. They had already prepared, in writing, the conditions of surrender; namely, that on Christmas Day he should treat the school to six pounds of candy, four pounds of English walnuts, and two bushels of apples; if not, their worth in loaf sugar.

"On arriving at the door the teacher demanded, in stentorian tones, that it be immediately opened, but the answer from within was cool and defiant. Finally he was induced to come around to the south window, when the conditions of surrender were presented. He then very indignantly pronounced them outrageous and tore the paper into ribbons, declaring that he was coming in if he had to pull the house down, and the taunting reply was that he would not get in even if he *did* pull the house down. The master started for his boarding-place and soon reappeared with an ax on his shoulder and vigorously assaulted the door, pounding it with the ax until he split it in several places. This availing him nothing, he climbed to the roof and commenced tearing away the clapboards, but my brave colored boy and I were equal to the occasion, for no sooner did we get a peep at him than we sent the end of a slab through the roof with such force that, strik-

ing him in the breast, it sent him clear over the eaves to the ground. True, he might have been killed by the fall, but that was a secondary consideration with us."

From this he proceeds to narrate how the teacher withdrew to visit another school. The schoolhouse was guarded all night, a mock school kept the next day, and the house guarded the next night, and mock school kept still the second day. At this point he says: "Between two and three o'clock, John Reece and myself were sent down to Granddaddy Kephart's to see what time it was. Grandmother took advantage of our presence to give us a sharp lecture on the folly of our keeping the teacher out and wasting our time; but grandfather—jolly old Pennsylvania Dutchman that he was—encouraged us by laughing heartily and saying, 'Py faith, poys, 'ton't you let him in.'" The next day, Saturday, the mock school was continued with the result that the scholars concluded by noon that they had shown their ability to keep the master out, and hence decided to let him come in the next Monday and proceed with the school. The treat, however, was not given at Christmas, but at the close of the term a treat of five pounds of loaf sugar was supplied.

Doctor Kephart describes this old-fashioned school and schoolhouse in the following poetic form:

A peep in that homely old cabin
Some cold winter day's afternoon,
Revealed to the eye of the peeper
A sight not forgotten so soon.
There was seated the bald-headed teacher,
Cooped up in one corner so wise;
Gray-headed and wrinkled "Old Osler,"
With wonderful "specs" on his eyes.

There were buxom young girls dressed in homespun,
And strapping big boys dressed the same;
There were meek little misses, so gentle,
And chubby young urchins who came,
Some wearing queer woolen knit skull caps,—
Some caps made of coonskins were worn,—
Came breasting the stiff mountain breezes,
That belong to a cold winter's morn.

Some dressed in a spanking new linsey,—
Some ragged, and dirty, and patched,—
Some with faces and hands washed and pretty,—
Some filthy, and ugly, and scratched.
We were huddled along on the benches,
Some with feet dangling free from the floor;
On their knees would oft rest their elbows,
And their heads on their hands—and then snore.

We came from all points of the compass;
Came wading the snow through the pines;
Came two and three miles every morning,
Just to spell and to read a few lines.
And with us we'd all bring our dinners
Of buckwheat, or rye, or wheat bread;
And with it, some few would have sausage,
And some would have nothing to spread.

In our studies that school was a picture;
Such a buzzing, and squinting, and noise;
Some three studied out of one speller,
And the girls often sat with the boys,
For the books were quite scarce and old-fashioned—
Cobb's Speller and Pike's 'rithmetic—
New Testament, Old English Reader,
Were all—and each had his pick.

When the school was dismissed for the evening,
At once, with a whoop and a roar,
Grabbing caps, hats, shawls, and bonnets,
All rushed to be first through the door;
Some boisterously shouted, "Good-evening";
Some cried, 'cause the crowd threw them flat;
One shouted, "Bill Shaw has my bonnet."—
"Ess. Kephart, I'll mind you for that."

We wended our way through the forests,—
Through snowdrifts we struggled along,
Reaching home, often late in the evening,
With appetites wondrously strong.
And there, I shall never forget it,
The thrice-welcome sight we would meet,
Dear mother, a booming bright fire,
And "mush-pot" our vision would greet.

Some time later there was built what was called the Center Schoolhouse, of which he says:

"The little old cabin on the hill, so long used for public and Sunday schools, was now quite too small and dilapidated, and, owing to the increase of population, the private houses were quite too small to accommodate the people who came to hear preaching.

"There being no public money with which to build a schoolhouse, the settlers agreed to join hands and erect a house for 'school and church purposes.' One subscribed so many days' work; another so many shingles; another so many feet of boards; another so many pounds of nails; another so many panes of glass; another so many days' hauling with a span of horses; another so many days' hauling with a yoke of oxen, and so on. Mr. John Goss gave one-half acre of ground for the site and the pine timber for the logs."

The logs were hewed by Doctor Kephart's father, and by I. L. and a brother (Bishop Kephart) were the floors laid, the door, the window-frames, the benches, and the writing-desks made and placed in position. In due time the house was completed and Henry Ruffner installed as teacher.

That house still stands on the original site, two miles west from Osceola Mills, now Osceola, and is occupied

as a private residence. To Doctor Kephart this was a sacred inclosure for more reasons than one, chiefly because there, some months after his conversion, he confessed his Lord in baptism. There he first attempted to lead a prayer-meeting, and there he first attempted publicly to preach the word.

It was in this new schoolhouse, too, that, during the winter of 1855-56, after he and Bishop Kephart had both attained their majority, they attended school under the instruction of William Hooper, whose friend, Mr. John D. Gill, taught in a neighboring school district, for both of whom Doctor Kephart always expressed the highest appreciation, for the reason that very largely they gave him the inspiration to his later school work.

He, with his brother, the Bishop, and their younger brothers, had worked at home all summer and had assisted their father to provide an abundance of supplies for the winter. One morning their father stated that they had secured a teacher for the school who could teach geography and grammar, and suggested that they had better arrange to attend. Doctor Kephart describes events leading up to this winter's schooling as follows:

"Father's suggestion was heartily sanctioned by the good mother, and in due time Zeek (Ezekiel) was on his way to see Mr. Shaw, the president of the school board, and get permission for the two older brothers, who were both of age, to attend the school for the winter. On arriving at his home the object of his call was stated, in reply to which the president said: 'Well, now, see here. Do you boys mean business? Do you

really wish to go to school to learn, or do you only want to go there to kick up your heels, play ball, and make trouble for the teacher?"

" 'Oh, Mr. Shaw, we are in earnest,' was the reply. 'We are too old now to fool away any time. We really want to go to school to learn.' "

The result was that they agreed to assist in making the schoolroom comfortable in consideration of tuition for the winter term. The teacher arrived and the work of the school passed on with great profit to these and to others of the boys, Doctor Kephart in after years naming thirteen different men who came out of that school to enter upon lives of usefulness and profit.

During this winter the teacher organized a literary society that held meetings on Thursday and Saturday evenings for debate. Two weekly papers were produced and read each Friday afternoon, at which also essays were read and declamations spoken. This term of school, the last that he spent in public school, closed on April 3, 1856, with an exhibition held in the meeting-house that stood across the road from the school-house, the exhibition occupying all of the afternoon, and until midnight following. The house was handsomely decorated with hemlock and laurel, a large rostrum was provided, and a program, consisting of declamations, essays, and dialogues, was rendered to the delight of all, closing with a pretended phrenological lecture, in which Mr. John D. Gill took the place of the lecturer. Speaking of the influence of this exhibition, Doctor Kephart names it "the most surprisingly revolutionizing event in the history of the settlement. Even now there are those who remember and speak of it

with enthusiasm and delight. Perhaps nowhere else in the history of this country did the faithful work of two young school-teachers accomplish so much for the good of the community. It opened new visions for the parents and set new ideals before the minds of the children. Looking in upon that Center School as it was constituted that winter, one saw then and there the boys who became as follows: Thirteen Union soldiers for the Civil War (three of whom were killed), four girls who became the wives of soldiers, one bishop, two college presidents, one superintendent of schools, two college professors, four ministers of the gospel, two physicians, one lawyer, and a missionary to India."

Speaking of his teachers in the public school, Doctor Kephart says:

"As a teacher, I liked 'Uncle Abe' (Abraham Goss, who taught the first school he attended—1838-39), as we familiarly called him, very much, but when the extra cold weather set in about Christmas, I was obliged to stay at home.

"During the winter of 1839-40, Samuel Osler was our teacher. He was an impulsive, white-haired old man, very kind when in good humor, and very cross and exacting when angry. I feared him very much and managed to get through without being thrashed.

"After Hughes (the teacher who thrashed him for dangling his feet), Jonathan R. Ames, an old, gray-headed, good-natured man, who always liked us, but never thrashed us for our misbehavior, taught for three months. During his administration we had a great time. Frequently would he fall asleep during school hours, and just as frequently would we wake

him from his sleep by shooting him on the nose with our "goose-quill pop-guns," all of which he took good-naturedly.

"He was succeeded by Henry Platner, who was a wide-awake teacher, far in advance of any we had had before; good-natured and jolly, but who insisted on maintaining good order during school hours, to do which required some vigorous thrashing at the commencement of his administration, which he was not slow to perform. He was a success in every way, and the progress made by the pupils indicates this. He taught the last school in the little log cabin on 'Grandfather Kephart's hill.' "

Henry Ruffner taught one term in the new school-house, concerning which Doctor Kephart says: "This was the last winter I attended public school before attaining to my majority. During this term I advanced in arithmetic to compound proportion, but could go no farther because the teacher could go no farther."

At the age of fourteen, Isaiah was capable of taking charge of, and driving a span of horses, and, being the oldest boy in the family, his time during school months was necessarily devoted to teaming across the mountains and in the lumber forests; consequently, so meager was his schooling that he attained his twenty-third year before he had ever looked into a text-book on geography or grammar to study them. However, by the aid of the "pine-knot" light, he had read with care the few books in his father's cabin, which were the Bible, English Reader, Pilgrim's Progress, Baxter's "Saint's Rest," Fleetwood's "Life of Christ," and Fravel's "Redemption," with a few other books that

he borrowed, among which were Weem's "Life of Washington" and "Life of Franklin." He also attended through the summer the country Sabbath school, and by committing verses of scripture to memory, purchased a New Testament and several other small books.

His life as a teamster and lumberman covered the period from his fourteenth to his twenty-fifth year, or from 1846 to 1857. His own description of his lumbering experience cannot be improved. The lumber industry was one of great importance and one furnishing reasonably good remuneration. Pine timber was cut into "saw logs" and hewed into "square timber" intended for ship-masts. He, with his brother, who afterward became Bishop Kephart, and others, built cabins in the timber, where they boarded themselves and would spend the entire season in preparing lumber for rafting in the spring. He speaks of the ordinary day's experience as follows:

"At 5:00 A.M. the one honored with being chief cook would rise, start a fire in the cook-stove, and call the others in the cabin while he fried meat, boiled potatoes, made coffee, and baked buckwheat cakes. The others would prepare some wood for the day or feed and harness the horses. Then all would sit down to the table, on which the dishes had been arranged the night before, and partake heartily of the morning meal. Having finished their repast by six o'clock, each one would turn his plate upside down over his knife and fork and thus they would be ready for his own special service at noon. Table linen was not in use at all. Dishes were washed once a day. Breakfast over, the

cook would wash and clean a quart of beans, place them in a good-sized dinner-pot, add to them a piece of pork and some salt, fill the pot with water, place it on the stove, fill the stove with hard, green wood, and then away all hands would go to the chopping, the other men in the meantime having been engaged in whetting the axes.

“At half-past eleven the cook would quit, return to the cabin, find the beans and pork cooked most deliciously, bake buckwheat cakes, and by twelve o'clock the others would arrive and all would sit down and most heartily enjoy their dinner. At one o'clock all would return to their work and chop as long as they could see; then they would return to the cabin, prepare and eat their supper, wash the dishes, set things in order in the cabin, chat, read, or play checkers for an hour or so, and then retire to their rude, rough beds and sleep the sleep made refreshing by hard, honest toil and a clear conscience.”

In the spring the lumber produced during the winter was made into rafts, rafted out of Clearfield Creek, and down the Susquehanna River to the market-places at Marietta and elsewhere along its course. It was while employed as a raftsman that Isaiah made his first trip to Middletown, Pennsylvania, in 1851. Later, he became a skilled pilot on the Susquehanna River, his service in this relation being chiefly in the employ of a lumberman, Mr. John M. Chase.

Doctor Kephart gives a description of his rafting experience when his brother, Bishop Kephart, served as steersman and himself as pilot. It is as follows:

“At the time in question, the pilot and his crew

had stopped over night at Plumb Island, midway between Irvin's and Bigler's dams. The next morning they set out for their first trip that spring (1856) 'through the mountains.' By referring to a good map of Pennsylvania, and noting the points in Clearfield County marked 'Lick Run' and 'Salt Lick,' the reader will see that this part of the river passes through a portion of the Alleghany Mountains. The roughest and the most dangerous places 'to run,' as the pilots would say, were the 'White Brake,' the 'Big Pitch,' the 'Big Stepping Stones,' the 'Ram's Horn,' the 'Big Moshannon Falls,' and the 'Buttermilk Falls.' To take a full river raft through this part of the channel required a crew of six men, whereas to bring the same raft out of Clearfield Creek required a crew of ten men.

"But, despite the crookedness, roughness, and swiftness of the stream, for a skillful pilot and a good crew, this was an exciting, delightful part of the river 'to run.' The rapidity with which the raft moved, the dashing, splashing, and roaring of the water, and the romantic mountain scenery,—high hills, immense gorges, wild cañons,—all added greatly to the interest of the 'trip,' and the writer has often thought, if he can just feel as happy when he comes to die as he felt the day above referred to while sweeping 'through the mountains' on that great raft, in command of that noble crew of young men, he will be perfectly satisfied.

"On they went, leaping the little cascades, rounding the great bends, gliding through the smoother portions of the stream, and by 1:00 P.M. they landed

at 'the foot of Buttermilk Falls' in safety. A four-mile tramp up the river beach brought them to 'Salt Lick,' where they ate their dinner, and then they set out for a twenty-mile tramp over hills, through hollows, and wading mud, and by 10:00 P.M. they arrived at Abraham Ream's well-kept raftsmen's home, on the hill above Fulton's Dead Water. There a hearty supper was enjoyed, and the tired men stretched themselves on the floor of the dining-room, taking their boots for pillows, and were soon sleeping a sound, refreshing sleep.

"The next morning, in good season, they boarded a big 'half-oak' raft and started on their final trip through the mountains for that season. On they swept in safety, nothing unusual occurring, save at the 'Ram's Horn' they overtook a raft of boards, which, for the time, endangered the safety of both rafts. However, with care, extra work, and a great deal of unnecessary 'yelling' on the part of the badly-scared pilot of the board raft, both passed the dangerous point in safety, his raft only riding the rocks a little in the bend below.

"About 5:00 P.M., they sailed down through the roaring, dashing 'Buttermilk Falls,' only to see the eddy below landed full of rafts, and nearly a hundred raftsmen there, greatly excited over the fear that a big raft, 'coming in head first,' would 'sweep the eddy.' However, when they noticed the pilot and crew beginning to 'cross pull,' so as to come in somewhat sidewise, their fears subsided, their feelings became more friendly, and they said, one to another, 'Let's take hold and help them land.'

“Having two good ropes on his raft, the pilot succeeded in getting two of his men out in time to ‘take a hitch’ on a large oak-tree, quite at the head of the eddy. This very measureably checked the speed of the raft, and with that he picked up the other rope, ordered one of his men to follow with a handspike, and leaping upon an adjoining raft, they commenced to ‘snub.’ Just then the owner of the raft on which they were snubbing came running, with an ax drawn, and yelling, ‘You shan’t snub on my raft. I’ll cut your rope! I’ll cut your rope!’

“‘Snub away, Andy! snub away!’ was the pilot’s somewhat excited reply; and just when the unreasonable man was about to put his threat into execution, Mr. John M. Chase, who happened to be in sight, seeing that the man with the ax was about to prevent the landing of one of his rafts, rushed upon the scene, caught the man by the shoulder, whirled him around, jerked the ax out of his hands, and ‘preached’ him a regular old-fashioned raftsman’s sermon. Oh, but he did rake him for attempting to hinder other men from landing; but before he was done ‘preaching,’ the pilot and crew had safely landed their raft, without damaging any one; and in due time the excitement subsided, and the unreasonable man slunk away, feeling heartily ashamed of himself.”

Another incident which occurred in the spring of 1856 will illustrate his experience as a pilot. Having piloted four rafts out to “Fulton’s Dead Water,” as it was called, he prepared to take one raft to Marietta on the Susquehanna. This raft was 225 feet long, 26 feet

wide, and was composed of half oak and half pine timber. They started hopefully, but when they came in sight of "Salmon Hole" they saw an eddy landed full of rafts and a hundred or more men there, some of whom were throwing up their hats and shouting at the top of their voices. "Tie up! tie up! tie up!"

On inquiring as to the trouble, he was informed that some unskilled pilot had missed his calculations and "saddle-bagged" his raft on the head of Spruce Island, just a mile below; that the hind platform lay across the head of the island with at least ten feet of it projecting into the channel in such a way as to render it impossible for large rafts to go by. Here, then, was a dilemma. Must this pilot and crew, whose hearts were set on going down the river during this freshet, have all their hopes blasted by the stupid blunder of an incompetent pilot? Having spent some time studying the situation, the pilot returned to his raft, where his men were assembled trying, in various ways, to give vent to their feelings of disappointment and chagrin. On stepping on board the raft, his brother (Bishop Kephart) approached and said to him: "Suppose you go on board one of these small rafts that are going by and ride down past Spruce Island and see how things look. Perhaps you will see that we can go by."

"No," said the pilot, "it is not worth while. Call the men here; I have a proposition to make." The men came and the pilot said: "Boys, we are in a desperate box, but I believe there's barely chance to get out. If you will promise on your honor to stick to me and help me to gather up the timber and raft it together again, provided we tear the raft to pieces, I will try to go on."

Every man was only too glad to give his pledge of honor, and after giving a few words of instruction to his steersman and cautioning the men to give heed to no one and to nothing else save their duty on the raft, he told his other brother, Abraham, to go ashore and untie the rope. No sooner had the raft begun to drop down through the eddy than the hundred men or more became excited and gave utterance to such interrogatories as, "What are you going to do?" "Where are you going?" "Why, man, you 're crazy. You can never get through with that big raft. You 'll only form a jam in the channel, so that even small rafts cannot get through. Stop! stop!"

"Turner's Riffle" and "Turner's Rock" were safely passed, the turn at "Notched Rock" was handsomely made, and in due time the great raft, sweeping with great speed, struck the projecting platform on the head of Spruce Island with a crash that reverberated through the hills like the roar of a cannon. The force was so great that it completely knocked the platform out of the channel upon the head of the island, without damaging the big raft in the least, so substantially had it been put together.

When the one hundred or more astonished men on the shore saw that the hazardous venture was a success, they threw their hats in the air and made the welkin ring with cheer upon cheer.

The big raft, managed by its pilot and plucky crew, had not only gone safely through itself, but had completely removed the obstruction and the channel was open again for rafts, large as well as small. In the dusk of the evening the pilot and his crew landed their

big raft safely in "Miller's Dam" above Clearfield Bridge, where they received the hearty congratulations of the owner, Mr. Chase, who was greatly rejoiced that his large raft had passed Spruce Island in safety.

Thus, in the primitive school of the pioneers, in the lumber-camp, as a teamster, a raftsman, and a river pilot, Isaiah Lafayette Kephart learned many of the lessons in the hard school of personal experience that gave him the eminent qualification for life's later duties that his useful life showed he had so well mastered.

**STUDENT, MINISTER,
EDUCATOR**

"Goodness by force is an unknown commodity in God's universe. Goodness can only be by love, not by force."

IV.

STUDENT, MINISTER, EDUCATOR

THE religious training of Doctor Kephart and the influences that resulted in his marvelous career as a Christian man had their origin primarily in the cabin home of his father and mother. The family devotions were regular, morning and evening, in the mountain home, and here, under the influence of a Christian father and a Christian mother, the subject of our sketch was reared; here the seeds were early planted that later grew into the splendid fruitage of his Christian life.

The cabin home was frequently used as a preaching-place. Among the preachers who early visited it and preached the gospel was Adolphus Harnden, a native of the State of Maine and an itinerant of the Allegheny Conference. He traveled the Clearfield Circuit, and frequently made his home with the family of Father Kephart. One of the services conducted by Mr. Harnden is described in part as follows by Doctor Kephart:

"After the sermon, he prayed, then sang, called on some one else to pray, sang again, exhorted, got happy, and began to shout. While shouting, swinging his long arms and clapping his hands, he leaped back and forth in the little aisle between the benches leading to the door, exclaiming at the top

of his voice, 'I hope to shout glory when the world's on fire,' and just then he touched his bushy head of hair to the flame of the hog's-lard lamp hanging from the joist above and set his hair on fire. It sizzed and sputtered a little while, Harnden shouting all the time, 'I hope to shout glory when the world's on fire.' The flame in his hair soon died out, nor was he burned, but for some time thereafter an odor of burnt hair pervaded the cabin.

"In due time the meeting closed, the mountaineers returned to their homes, guided through the wilderness by the light of their torches, wonderfully impressed by the words and manner of the new preacher. He, in due time, mounted the ladder to the loft and was soon in the embrace of a sound sleep in the spare bed which mother's hand had prepared for such visitors."

Other preachers who served the home charge while Isaiah was a boy were William Beigle, Isaac Kuhns, George Schneider, C. F. Bowers, W. S. H. Keyes, Cyrus Jeffries, Harvey Moor, Jephthah Potts, J. Wells, and J. W. Bonewell; but Isaiah made no definite profession of the religious life until he was nineteen years of age.

A very striking incident that occurred in the November preceding his twentieth birthday made a deep impression upon his mind. He had been hauling lumber and coal to the market across the mountains and bringing back loads of store goods for the merchants. Thus being thrown into the society of teamsters, he was compelled to lodge at taverns, every one of which was a whisky shop.

Though cautioned frequently of the danger of drinking, these evil influences at length acquired the mastery, and he frequently yielded, and at last acquired an appetite for alcoholic liquors. The following is, in part, a description of the incident that led to his conversion: In the month of November, 1850, he, with two other men, having been east of the Alleghany Mountains, was returning home. It was a beautiful autumn afternoon. His associates were men of perhaps thirty years of age. Before leaving "Warrior's Mark," one of the men with him purchased a quart of whisky. As they journeyed along, they drank several times until they were all somewhat intoxicated, one of the number quite drunk, Isaiah and the other just enough to be reckless. The front team had six horses and a wagon with a large road-bed. When they commenced to ascend the mountain, the three teamsters climbed together into the front wagon-bed, and left their teams to follow. The road was a narrow one, with a high bank on the left side. One-third the distance up the mountain there was a sharp turn in the road; the drivers, being engaged in romping, paid no attention to the team, and the wagon ran over the edge of the stone wall and overset off the road down a perpendicular bank of about five feet. In oversetting, the wagon turned upside down, threw four of the horses off the road, and threw Isaiah some thirty feet down the mountain among the rocks and brush, but he sustained no injury. One of the men was caught across the small of the back by the lower edge of the wagon bed, and the other

was caught by the left foot and held so firmly that he could not possibly escape. Isaiah tried his best to lift the box, but was not able, as the heavy wagon lay on top of it. He took a horse and rode back two miles and gave the alarm, and when he returned the man caught by the small of the back was dead. This made an ineffaceable impression on Isaiah's mind, and he then and there made two resolves: First, that he would never drink another dram of intoxicating liquor; and, second, that the first protracted meeting he attended he would embrace religion and join the church. These resolves were faithfully kept, and during the next March (1851), at a meeting held in the Newcastle Schoolhouse, in Decatur Township, Clearfield County, he was converted and joined the United Brethren Church under the labors of Rev. Cyrus Jeffries, then the pastor of Clearfield Circuit. In August, 1857, he was given quarterly conference license to preach, and in January, 1859, at Altoona, Pennsylvania, was received as a licensed preacher into the Allegheny Conference, Bishop Glossbrenner presiding. In January, 1863, he was ordained at a session of the same conference held again in Altoona, Bishop Edwards presiding.

It will be seen from this that he embraced religion previous to his work as a lumberman and raftsmen. In his accounts of his experiences as a raftsmen, he states that in the crew with which he made the run to Marietta, previously described, several were Christian young men, the others being men of good morals, and that no profanity or drink-

ing intoxicants was practiced by any of them. Thus early in his life did he yield himself to God, and thus early in his Christian experience did he exhibit the characteristics of devotion and Christian fortitude that were such marked elements in his later life of active service for God and the Church.

We must return to look again upon the school life of Doctor Kephart.

In an interview held with Dr. W. R. Funk, and in answer to the question, "Who influenced you to go to school?" Doctor Kephart said: "My first knowledge of there being such a thing as a college came to me in my father's barn one day when he and I were thrashing seed wheat with the flail. I was then about twelve years old. Rev. J. B. Resler, of Allegheny Conference, came there and hitched his horse to the fence, and climbed over the fence onto the barn floor. He introduced himself to father and commenced to talk in the interest of Mt. Pleasant College. Father leaned on the staff of his flail and listened to him. I remember well that he used this argument: Other churches are establishing colleges in which to educate their children, and if we do not do so, our children will grow up and go off to these other schools and will, of course, join these other churches, and we cannot succeed as a church in that way. Then he spoke to father something about giving something to help this college, and father said: 'Well, it is nearly dinner-time now. I will go and put your horse in the stable. Go into the house, and we will have some dinner and talk the matter over with mother.'

Father always honored mother as one of his special counselors in all business affairs. We went to the house, ate dinner, and turned around from the table, and they commenced to talk. Resler explained to mother what he had explained to father, and, as a result of their interview, they gave their note for \$25 to help the college. Just how soon it was paid, I do not know, but I know they paid it, and that their giving that note raised quite a hubbub in the neighborhood. The neighbors took it up and said father and mother were giving money to help establish a school to make people proud, and one of the school trustees walked two miles to see father and lecture him for what he had done. Father took it all good-naturedly, and did not say much. To make an impression, the school trustee said: 'Why, the neighbors are up in arms about it. They say you are robbing and beggaring your children.' That made mother a bit cross, and she turned 'round and said: 'Well, I would just thank the neighbors if they would mind their own business. Papa and I gave that note, and we will pay it, and we will not ask them for anything to keep our children from being beggars.' This set me to thinking about a college and what a college was. I could read and write then a little."

The winter that he and his brother, Bishop Kephart, spent in the school taught by Mr. Hooper, and closing with the great exhibition already mentioned, brought to them both some new ideas as to their future life. This thought for better things was quickened by some advice given to him by a friendly

neighbor, Mr. John Shaw. Doctor Kephart had hired out to work for a Mr. Sterritt. Concerning the awakening that led to his school life, he says, referring to himself and his brother, "E. B.":

"We had not decided on going to school yet. I hired out to a Mr. Sterritt, who was running a steam sawmill, at \$26 a month and board.

"One Saturday evening, when I was going home from my week's work, I had to go right back of Mr. John Shaw's place, and, 'way down the lane in the direction I was going, I fell in with him and walked back with him as far as his house. He inquired what I was doing and what wages I was getting, and said: 'That is first-rate; better than running around here kicking up your heels, and hunting and fishing like some are doing; but, boy, take my advice. Save up your money and go to school. You can be more than a mill hand if you will educate yourself; but if you do not, you will never be more than a mill hand.'

"I walked home two miles, and thought over being nothing more than a mill hand. I liked the work, but could not think that I must always be that kind of a drudge. When I got home, 'E. B.' was there. He had a letter from 'Billy' Shaw, John Shaw's oldest son, who was in Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport, Pennsylvania. His letter urged us to go to school. We were tired and did not talk much.

"The next morning, Sunday, we dressed ourselves to go to Sunday school. Had our breakfast too early to go right away, so we went up to our room,

sat on the bed, and commenced to talk. I told him what John Shaw had said, and how I had been thinking about it. Then he pulled out 'Bill' Shaw's letter and read it. I said to him: 'I believe, "E. B.," the time is here to say what we are going to do. Shall we stick to this kind of mountaineer life, or strike out and get a little more education?' He said, 'Yes, the time is here.' I asked him what he was going to do, and he replied that he was going to Dickinson. I said I would go, too, and would go down to Sterritt and tell him at such a time the fall term would open, and that he must secure a man to take my place; that I was going to leave and go to school.

"When the time came to go, we were ready. We gave Mr. and Mrs. Sterritt good-by, and borrowed Uncle Joe Goss' spring wagon, took one of father's horses, and put our trunk in that wagon. We drove thirty-three miles across the mountains to Bellefonte, where we put up at the hotel, stayed all night, and the next morning Brother Will, who was then ten years old, (and was afterwards killed in the army,) started back home with the wagon and horse. We took the stage down to Lock Haven, and then the canal boat to Williamsport. 'Bill' Shaw was there and met us, and we started into school, the greenest kind of mountain boys, but we had had experience.

"Dickinson Seminary stood right on the bank of the Susquehanna River. We just buckled into it. We did not try to conceal our ignorance, but let the students know that we were there to try to learn.

The teachers kindly took hold and helped us. We learned; there is no mistake about it.

"Well, we got through that term of school and came home. 'E. B.' and I walked ten miles to be examined. The county superintendent, who delivered the address at the exhibition, gave us an examination. He complimented us, saying: 'It is a great satisfaction to me to have a class who are capable of passing an examination as you boys have passed. I want to give you all the encouragement I can.' He gave us our dinner, and asked not a cent. We walked ten miles back home. At nine o'clock we got home. We each obtained a school in which to teach, and then made some money rafting, and used it as school money.

"When we came home from Dickinson Seminary. Rev. Adolphus Harnden was at our place. He said, 'You boys are not doing right.' 'What have we done wrong?' we asked. 'You have been going to a Methodist school. Why don't you go to our own school?' 'Where is our own school?' He then told us. The next spring we went to Mt. Pleasant College—that is, the spring of 1857, and stayed there until that school closed. At a session of the trustees, in June, they united with Otterbein University, and eleven of us boys went there as students, among whom were D. Eberly, E. C. Ebersole, D. A. Tawney, S. J. Baker, H. M. Kreider, John Erb, my brother 'E. B.,' and myself."

While a student at Otterbein, he assisted in the organization of the Philophronean Literary Society as a charter member.

During his student life he entered actively into the ministry of the gospel. His first charge was Mahoning Circuit, Allegheny Conference, to which he was assigned by the conference of 1859. The circuit lay in three counties—Clearfield, Indiana, and Cambria. His own account of this year's work is interesting:

"The appointments were as follows: Kessler's (in a church-house), two miles above the cherry-tree, Sunday, 10:30 A.M.; Summerville (in a school-house), distance five miles, same Sunday, 2:30 P.M.; McKee's (in a church-house), same Sunday, distance four miles, 7:00 P.M.; Jos. Ow's (in Brother Ow's private house), Wednesday evening, distance ten miles; Levi Laymaster's (in his private house), near Marion, Indiana County, distance about ten miles, Thursday evening; John Laymaster's or John Snyder's (in private house), Friday evening, distance about twelve miles; McGee's (schoolhouse), distance eighteen miles, Sunday, 10:30 A.M.; Mount Joy (church-house), Sunday, 2:30 P.M., distance five miles; Simon Raudabaugh's (schoolhouse), Sunday, 7:00 P.M., distance eight miles; Charley Smith's (private house), Wednesday evening, distance three miles; Newburg (meeting-house), Sunday, 10:30 A.M., distance eight miles; Koozer's (schoolhouse), Sunday, 2:30 P.M., distance seven miles; Pleasant Hill (schoolhouse), 7:00 P.M., distance six miles; from thence returning to Kessler's, distance twenty-five miles, to beginning of next round. From the above it will be seen that I had thirteen appointments; that to fill them I preached

three times each Sunday and four times on week-day evenings; that I filled these appointments once every three weeks, and in doing so I traveled (on horseback) a distance of one hundred and twenty-four miles.

"I had no regular home—just boarded among the members, all of whom were very kind and accorded me a royal welcome to their homes. I carried my books and linen in a pair of huge saddlebags.

"At my quarterly meeting, in June, held at the Kessler appointment, I resigned my charge to take effect September 1, for the purpose of returning to Otterbein University. Rev. Adolphus Harnden succeeded me on the charge. Rev. R. G. Rankin was presiding elder. From a memorandum kept, I find that up to my second quarterly meeting, held June 6, 1859, I had received in salary and presents (all cash except a vest valued at \$3.25), a total of \$23.15. How much I received from that time until the first of September, when my resignation took effect, I can now find no account of, but I suppose it was in about the same proportion—perhaps not quite so much, as that was the season of the year when money among the lumbermen was scarce.

"The region of country in which my circuit lay was mostly a wilderness of pine and hemlock forest, steep hills, and deep ravines, and the roads were stumpy, rooty, rocky, and often quite muddy."

The fall of 1859, he entered Otterbein University, remaining there, stopping out as his financial needs required, till the summer of 1861, when, his money being exhausted, he returned to the Allegheny Con-

ference, and was placed in charge of Brush Valley Circuit. He continued in the active ministry till 1863, when he enlisted in the army, having served Brush Valley, East Salem, and McVeytown charges.

During his pastorate on the Brush Valley charge, he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary E. Sowers, the daughter of Michael Sowers and Suzanna Grumbling Sowers, of Mechanicsville, Pennsylvania, to whom he was married November 28, 1861. To them were born two children, Horace Sowers, who was educated at Western College, Lebanon Valley College, and Cornell University. He served for a number of years as librarian of the Mercantile Library at St. Louis, Missouri, and is now residing at Ithaca, New York, engaged in literary pursuits.

Elizabeth Belle was born February 18, 1871, and died February 22, 1892. She was graduated from Westfield College in June, 1890.

Following his services in the army, in 1865, he taught school for several months, when he was appointed pastor of the Hummelstown charge, in the East Pennsylvania Conference, where he served till the fall of 1867.

His ministry at Hummelstown was to himself a source of great pleasure, and to the people a source of great profit. It was here that he formed the acquaintance of his life-long friend, Mr. D. S. Early. He was the first pastor of the charge who could not speak or understand the German language, which rendered his ministry quite an innovation in this community that was so thoroughly Pennsylvania German. Mrs. Kath-

erine L. Hummel, who was at the time of his ministry there a child of seven or eight years of age, says:

"He was a great success, having, during the second year of his pastorate, a large revival and afterward receiving many into the church, some of whom are still here, faithful and true. He instilled into the young people a desire for education and for Bible study, and my childish impression of him was that he was an ideal Christian minister and pastor, helpful to the old and always mindful of the children—an impression that increased as the years passed on.

"He spent considerable time in our home and was always welcome there. My father (Christian Landis) and D. S. Early were church officials at that time, but are both gone."

Miss Minerva J. Early, daughter of Mr. D. S. Early, above named, says of his ministry:

"I was so very young when Doctor Kephart was our pastor that I can only give the impressions he made upon my young life at that period, and repeat some of the incidents that I often heard father relate, for father was very closely allied with him while he was pastor at Hummelstown.

"He was the first man to meet him when he arrived with his family, and our home was their abode until a suitable parsonage could be secured. I frequently heard them say that they were instantly and mutually attracted to each other, and the friendship formed there endured while both lived.

"Mr. and Mrs. Kephart were often in our home during those years, and every word and act of his impressed upon my young mind thoughts of nobility and

real greatness; so that for years, whenever I was asked to express my thought of what men should be, I would always reply, 'Mr. Kephart is my ideal man.'

"My earliest recollection of him is when he laid his hand in baptism upon the heads of five little girls—ranging in age from two to twelve years—as they stood in a row in the old parlor; and of the way, after it was all over, he said, oh, so seriously, but with a twinkle in his eye, 'Now, girls, in a few more years you will again need a minister to perform an important ceremony, and you must remember that I can do that, too.' And in all seriousness we all declared that he should ever have right of way in all our planning.

"When he was sent to Hummelstown, his coming was anticipated with trembling. The people had been accustomed to German preaching, and not to be able to preach German was regarded by many as a serious fault, and a prophecy of failure. But there were a few who recognized the tendency of the times, and gave him a cordial welcome and all possible support.

"To one of his temperament and culture, the condition of affairs must have been very discouraging. The church was heavily in debt and there was a woeful lack both of reverence for God's house and respect for his people.

"Many of the leading members were the real old-fashioned shouting Christians, and the noisy and sometimes almost dramatic meetings attracted many who came simply for amusement. While the shouting was going on at the front, the young people in the rear were having a social evening. This action had been going on until Mr. Kephart could stand it no longer,

and, going to Mr. D. S. Early, who was ever his right-hand man, he made known his distress. The latter, in his characteristic earnestness, replied, 'I will break it up for you, if you will stand by me in my methods.' When he stated his rather heroic measures, Mr. Kephart hesitated for a moment, and then replied, 'The occasion demands something of that kind. Go ahead.'

"The following Sunday it was announced from the pulpit that all such conduct must cease; that the warning was positive, and that exposure would follow its disregard. Thereafter Mr. Early was a secret detective in the rear of the room, and many an amusing incident would he relate in after years of his experience in that work.

"When the meetings would grow noisy, those in the rear seats seemed to think it a signal for action, but were startled by a call to the front from the detective. The pastor at once stayed all proceedings, and the guilty ones were exposed and invited to leave. When the coarser element found that the church was determined in its purpose, the trouble ceased and the pastor commanded increased respect and love.

"The church debt, too, was canceled in a no less unusual manner. The debt was of long standing, and there was such 'slothfulness in business' that the interest was unpaid from year to year. Mr. Kephart appointed D. S. Early, Christian Landis, Simon Fleisher, and Samuel Walmer a committee to collect the debt, which amounted to fifteen hundred dollars. When they met to talk over the situation, Mr. Early remarked, 'We must each subscribe one hundred dollars, and with that at the head of the subscription we

can go out and get the rest of it this afternoon.' Mr. Walmer replied, 'We can never do it, Brother Early; but I will gladly give my hundred dollars, and will tear my hat if we get the rest to-day.' The others of the committee manfully followed in like manner, and all together they started out on their mission.

"Their enthusiasm and earnestness was so intense that they had but one refusal that day, and when they returned home at night the debt was fully covered. Mr. Walmer's joy was unbounded, and he actually tore his hat into ribbons.

"Thus the dreaded English preacher set the church upon a sure foundation, that has stood, and still is standing, notwithstanding many a storm."

In the fall of 1867, on account of failing health, he removed to what was then known as New Jefferson, in Green County, Iowa, where he began farming in a small way, and was soon elected principal of the Jefferson schools. After teaching for some time, in 1869 he was elected County Superintendent of Schools, which position he occupied till 1871, when he was elected Professor of Natural Science in Western College, located at Western, Iowa, which position he filled with eminent satisfaction to all concerned. In 1875 he served as mayor of Western. While in the college he very frequently corresponded with local papers and with the Church periodicals, setting forth the claims of the institution and the value of higher Christian education.

He resigned his position at Western in 1876, and accepted the position of Actuary of the United Brethren Mutual Aid Society at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, and also that of editor of their journal. He held this

position until December, 1883, when he was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Science at San Joaquin College, Woodbridge, California, where he entered upon his duties in the January following.

During his service as Actuary at Lebanon he wrote extensively for both the religious, the secular, and the scientific press.

Concerning his life and work during this period, Mr. George B. Marquardt, of Lebanon, Pennsylvania, an intimate friend, says :

"I knew your brother 'I. L.' well, having worked in the same building with him for many years. I knew him and loved him for the purity of his life, for his kindly deeds, for his gentlemanly and courteous treatment of friend and foe, for his humble, pious, Christian bearing, and for the good influences he exerted while here in this city.

"While a member of Trinity Church he was actively engaged in Christian work. Rarely did he miss a service. He was a regular attendant at all the means of grace ; very actively and deeply interested in every department of church work, and regular at the prayer-meeting, Sunday school, and church services. While he was intellectually competent to speak to large and cultured audiences, yet he consented, and for many years taught in our Sabbath school a class of restless boys of tender age, all of whom to-day hold him in precious memory. While here engaged in secular matters, he found time to do much preaching in filling pulpits for sick or absent preachers. On Saturday he would travel, at times, great distances to fill the pulpit of some sick pastor on the following Sunday, and he

would invariably refuse any compensation for his service or for his traveling expenses.

"He was also an ardent advocate of temperance and did much to create public sentiment against the drink habit. He was always outspoken on the subject of intemperance and frequently spoke in public, as well as in private, against the license system. He was a foe to that system that would license one man to ruin another. You cannot speak too strongly of these qualities of his life while here in Lebanon.

"When absent from his own church he was doing service for others. I never saw your brother out of patience for anything in all of the many years that I knew him."

It was during this period that he prepared an article on "Soul Culture" that he was requested to permit to be read before the Society of Science, Letters, and Art of London, and that led to his having conferred upon him, gratuitously, the degree of Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters, and Art, in 1888.

At the General Conference that convened at Fostoria, Ohio, in May, 1885, Doctor Kephart was chosen a member of the Church Commission for the revision of the Constitution and the Confession of Faith of the United Brethren Church.

He continued his work in San Joaquin College, Woodbridge, California, till June, 1885, when he resigned his position to return East.

When it became known to the students at Woodbridge that Doctor Kephart had presented his resignation, a petition was prepared and signed by a very large proportion of the students, expressing their high

appreciation of his work and urging him to reconsider his action and remain with the institution.

On his way from California he received information that he had been elected president of Westfield College, Westfield, Illinois, where he served as president till June, 1889, resigning the position to enter upon his duties as editor of the *Religious Telescope*, to which position he was elected by the General Conference that met in May, 1889.

Following his resignation at Westfield, the Clark County Herald said: "The college has prospered greatly under President Kephart's wise rule, and his resignation will be a severe blow to the institution."

In recognition of his attainments in scholarship and letters and of his service in promoting the work of the Church and of the kingdom of Christ, Doctor Kephart was honored by the bestowal of the following degrees:

In June, 1872, Otterbein University conferred upon him the degree of Master of Arts. In June, 1884, Western College, now Leander Clark College, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. On August 14, 1888, the Society of Science, Letters, and Art of London elected him a Fellow of that society, and conferred upon him, gratuitously, the degree of F. S. S. L. A. and sent him a diploma to that effect.

That these marks of honor and distinction were worthily and appropriately bestowed is well attested by the eminent attainments of Doctor Kephart in all lines of literary, scientific, and theological investigation and by his long and eminent service in behalf of everything that tends to the promotion of the well being of human society.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOT

"Our God is a living God. He is the source whence flow
the living waters. He satisfies the longing soul."

V.

CHRISTIAN PATRIOT

ON FEBRUARY 18, 1862, in an article under the heading, "The War, Its Cause, and the Results That Must Follow," Rev. I. L. Kephart made the following remarkable prediction:

"Men may say what they please about the war—the omnipotent God is in it and is wielding his power upon the side of constitutional liberty. Politicians may talk of the constitutionality of slavery—all this will not alter the fiat of Jehovah.

"Slavery's days are numbered! I believe, and I will not believe otherwise till I see otherwise, that this war is its death blow, and the noise and excitement it has produced are Slavery's dying groans and death struggle. I hear in the roar of the cannon the dying groans of oppression, and I see in the convulsed state of the whole country the death struggle of the blackest system of tyranny that has ever cursed the world. I see in this war the mustering of all the forces opposed to universal freedom—that they may 'confederate' and be broken, that we and succeeding generations may sing forever, 'Hail Columbia! Happy Land!'

"This war may seem to be a calamity, and so it is at present, but the good that must result from it to the cause of humanity will far overbalance all its evils. When once the rebellion is crushed, and it soon will be, and the sin of slavery forever wiped from our nation,

the political atmosphere will be purer, freemen will breathe more freely, and the lovers of liberty will look back upon the past and thank God that the fanatics of the South became so foolhardy as to attempt to break up the Union. Let no man, or set of men, lay to the charge of any war-party or faction the origin of this war. It was a necessity. The advocates of tyranny thought to strengthen their cause by seceding, but, to their dismay, will soon learn that it was the decree of Jehovah—that by this unwise and rash act they should work with the utmost dispatch, the final ruin of their ‘peculiar’ institution.”

Such a prophecy is sufficient to show that Doctor Kephart was an intense patriot, a fact fully established by his devotion to his work in the army and by his speeches and writings since the war.

In June, 1863, in answer to the call for troops for the defense of Pennsylvania against the raid led by General Robert E. Lee, while serving as pastor of McVeytown charge, Allegheny Conference, he volunteered in the United States service, and was mustered in as chaplain of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, the enlistment being for six months. Company “B” of his regiment had been previously enlisted at Gettysburg, and participated in the great battle there, and the first man killed in that battle was John Sando, of that company.

The circumstances leading up to his being chosen chaplain illustrate one of the characteristics of the man. For this, and many more of the facts given in this chapter, we are indebted to Rev. M. P. Doyle, an intimate associate during his army life.

When he enlisted it was his intention to enter the service in whatever relation he was directed. When he reached Harrisburg he was tacitly promised a second lieutenancy, but when it came to mustering in it was found that there were not sufficient men in the group with which he was associated to form a full company. At this point he met Mr. H. B. Jeffries, with sixteen men, who had been mustered out of a three months' company of which Jeffries was captain, but who wished to enter the United States service as cavalymen. Mr. Kephart induced Mr. Jeffries, with his men, to join his company, offering him the opportunity, which had been presented to himself, of becoming second lieutenant. Mr. M. P. Doyle, first lieutenant, being impressed with Mr. Kephart's self-denying spirit in making this sacrifice for the service, conferred with Col. William H. Boyd, and at his suggestion conferred with the other officers of the regiment, and Mr. Kephart was unanimously chosen chaplain. Mr. Doyle says: "So the man who humbled himself was exalted above us all in rank and pay, with the opportunity of rendering better and more efficient service to his country than he could have done as a private soldier or a company officer."

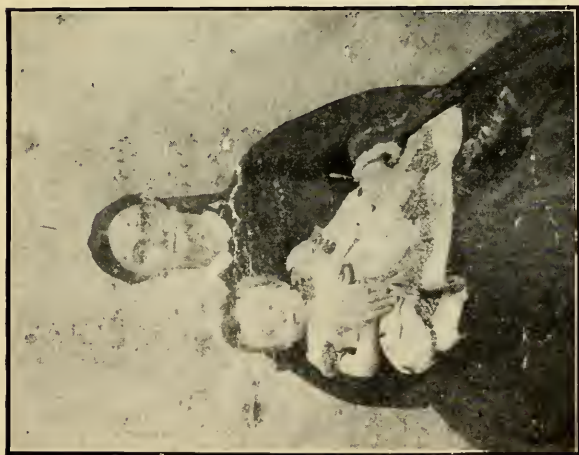
The hurry to get twelve hundred men and twelve hundred horses uniformed and equipped left but little time for religious meetings. The chaplain was left to himself to use his office to the benefit of the men as best possible, but on account of the hurry could do but very little religious work. When the regiment was filled and equipped, it was ordered to march to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, where it was divided into two

battalions. The colonel, with several companies, went into the Shenandoah Valley, and six companies were ordered to the coal regions of Pennsylvania to subdue uprisings among the disloyal there. The chaplain was directed to go with this last detachment. They were ordered to Pottsville and finally to Scranton, Pennsylvania, from which place they were to control the entire region. They remained there during the fall and most of the winter. Mr. Doyle says: "This gave Chaplain Kephart an excellent opportunity to exercise the functions of his office. He preached every Sabbath; gave personal counsel to the men; held prayer-meetings in tents; wrote letters, attended to mail, and rendered himself useful in every possible way. He was greatly assisted by the officers of Company 'E,' which was composed mostly of members of the United Brethren and Evangelical churches and officered by three ministers. It was interesting to see this Company 'E' every evening after roll-call conclude with prayer offered by the chaplain or one of the company officers.

"As an illustration of the esteem in which Chaplain Kephart was held by the colonel commanding, I will give an incident of much significance. One of the captains of this detachment was very overbearing and unreasonable. One day, while drilling his company, his lieutenant executed the command and almost compelled some of the horses and men to gallop into the Lackawanna River for want of room. The captain drew his revolver and threatened to shoot his lieutenant. The case was presented to Lieutenant Colonel Mosan, commanding, who plainly told the captain that his conduct was unbecoming an officer and if he did not



While Actuary and Editor, 1881.



*Photograph of Wife and Son Carried
through Grant's Final Campaigns.*



Dr. Kephart as an Army Chaplain.

settle the difficulty to the satisfaction of his lieutenant he would be court-martialed. The colonel sent an orderly for the chaplain, stated the case to him, and told him to use his best influence to have the case amicably settled, as he was determined that no one of his officers should impose upon another. The chaplain, after talking over the affair with the offending captain, took him and the two lieutenants into an adjoining woods and asked all to kneel in prayer. I was present at this prayer; it was offered with feeling and humble faith and made us all see the way of God. Then it was ended. The captain and lieutenant shook hands with kindly feeling. This was certainly a rare way of ending trouble between military men, but it speaks highly of the esteem in which our chaplain was held by the colonel and the officers. Captain H. B. Jeffries, now of the National Tribune, Washington, D. C., also witnessed this incident."

In February, 1864, the regiment was reorganized for three years' service, at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and joined the Army of the Potomac, June 1, 1864. The regiment served in the first division of the Fifth Army Corps, dismounted till October 6, 1864, and was then remounted and served till the close of the war.

Concerning the reorganization at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and the dismounting of the regiment, Rev. M. P. Doyle says:

"On arriving at Chambersburg, all horses and equipments were turned over to the Government and the men were honorably discharged; and those who re-enlisted received furloughs for thirty days. Chaplain Kephart and myself, for some reason, were not mus-

tered out of the service. I was placed in charge of a special detail of men to care for the horses, and he was instructed to act among the new regiments. Of the thirty-six officers who were mustered into the service at the first formation of the regiment, Chaplain Kephart and myself were the only ones retained in the reorganization who did not recruit men. One day, while the chaplain and myself were together, Colonel William H. Boyd approached us and said: 'Gentlemen, my regiment is now completely reorganized. It is a splendid body of twelve hundred men, fully equipped. I am expecting to be ordered to the front at any moment. I want you gentlemen to accompany me in the brilliant dash we shall make. Chaplain Kephart, you have been an honorable and efficient officer and a credit to the entire body of army chaplains. I suppose you will be satisfied with your present rank and position. You will have a more active service than heretofore, and your service among the wounded will be more useful than ever; and you, Lieutenant Doyle, must be satisfied with your present rank. You are assigned to Company 'I,' which will need much discipline. I regret that I cannot give you a captaincy, for Captain McMillen has recruited the men of the entire company and is elected captain.'

"To this the chaplain and myself assented with pleasure and gratitude. On that day we were both mustered out of the former service and mustered into the three-year service with rank dating from our original muster.

"It was not until the middle of May that the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry was ordered to the front. During our stay in camp every hour was spent in drill-

ing and saber exercises. During this interval the chaplain was instant in season and out of season. He went from company to company, from man to man. In view of the near approach of the battle-field, there was an inward consciousness of the danger and the possibility of appearing in the presence of God. Let no one think that our enlightened American soldiers ignored these truths. Our faithful chaplain sought to inculcate and impress these convictions upon their minds, and when the order to march came, one of the finest regiments that ever honored the great State of Pennsylvania marched forth to do battle for their country.

“One of the elements of strength was the deep conviction of religious truths impressed upon every man’s mind by the consecrated servant of Christ whose devoted personal efforts, backed by Christian life, read and seen by every officer and man, gave the entire force a strength of character, a finish in discipline and manly bearing that distinguished the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry among the many brave regiments sent out by the State. It afterwards made the record of never having been defeated, never compelled to retreat, and lost more men in action than any other cavalry regiment in the army, as proved by statistics given at our first reunion at Gettysburg after the war.

“In this feeling of manly pride, this regiment of twelve companies, well equipped and mounted, with field and staff officers, marched through the city of Washington to Camp Stoneman on the Maryland Heights. Scarcely had they entered Camp Stoneman before an order came to dismount the Twenty-first

Pennsylvania Cavalry and forward the horses to the front for artillery and send the regiment to Arlington, Virginia, to be equipped as infantry. No one can judge the dissatisfaction this worked in the hearts and feelings of every member of the regiment, from the highest in command to the lowest in the rear ranks. The feeling was equal to rebellion; consequently, no one felt like obeying this order. It was executed, however, in a most effectual manner. The men were ordered to march out of Camp Stoneman, leaving their horses at the picket-line as if it were only for dismounted drill, but the march entered Washington and through the city toward the Virginia line. When it was discovered that this was the final disposal of the men, a scene occurred which beggars description. All discipline was lost; the men broke ranks, invaded the sidewalks, whooped and yelled like Indians. Fortunately no one attempted to improve the discipline. Any such effort would have met with resistance, for the men carried their carbines and sabers. There was not an officer of the regiment who felt like attempting to command. Colonel Wm. H. Boyd, who was active in the valley, but ordered to Washington to command his regiment in person, met us on the march through the city to Arlington. When he appeared, the men rushed toward him yelling like savages, without reason or respect. The field and line officers gathered around him in silent salute. The colonel spoke not a word, but wept like a child. His first utterance was, 'Chaplain, I did not think, when I invited you to the brilliant dash in the enemy's field, that we should be treated in this manner.' To this statement there was no answer. We

marched through Washington, across the long bridge into Virginia, and were quartered in sight of General Robert E. Lee's residence. There was no effort made to establish order in our rude camp. Boxes of muskets were shipped to headquarters, but the men swore they would not surrender their sabers or carbines, and would not handle a musket. This state of affairs continued for several days, during which there was neither reveille nor roll-call nor any command given, the men wearying themselves out by inactivity.

"There was a regiment of colored cavalrymen encamped close by. They practiced the most perfect discipline. Our men, having nothing else to do, would gather round their camp to see them mount guard and practice those requirements necessary to camp rule. Our chaplain, always friendly toward the injured race, became friendly at once with the officers and men. It was then that he performed the most valuable work of his life in the service. He would return from that colored camp, move about among the companies and the men to show them how orderly and noble these colored men acted, and how much better and wiser for all concerned if they, too, would prove obedient and worthy than act in a disorderly manner.

"In his kind and unobtrusive manner he inculcated the spirit of obedience, appealing to their patriotism and sense of right; he said that the dismount was a necessity to help our men out of the swamps of the wilderness, and that as soon as possible the regiment would be mounted again. By such appeals to their better reason and feelings, making no speeches or demonstration, he quietly 'calmed the savage breast with

peace,' and really led the men quietly to submit to the orders of the Government. The officers, of course, entered into the same spirit, and when the boxes of muskets were opened there was not a man in the regiment who did not step up when called, lay down his saber and carbine, and shoulder a musket.

"The appeasing of the just wrath of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry on this trying occasion is justly attributable to Chaplain I. L. Kephart.

"The sequel of this dismounting showed that in a military sense it was the best thing that ever occurred for the perfection of this regiment."

Concerning the remounting of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, on October 6, Mr. Doyle says: "The battles of August 18, 19, and 21 were fought, and that of People's Farm, September 30. In this campaign, being a continuous fight from June 2, 1864, to September 30, our regiment was very much reduced in numbers, so we were ordered to City Point to be remounted, and the new men which were recruited were distributed among the different companies, filling the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry up to its maximum number. There the men exchanged their tattered uniforms for new garments, horses well equipped were furnished the men, and once more the gallant regiment marched to the front full of courage and determination. But one thing still remained old. The regiment's banner, a fine silk flag made by the ladies of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and presented through Colonel McClure and carried through every battle, was now old and pierced with bullets, as were the twelve guidons of the companies. In marching to

the front, the soldiers who had been off duty stood along the line to see this body of cavalry, looking brand new, going to the front. Those old service-stained soldiers first began to laugh and jolly the apparently new and green regiment, saying, 'Well, boys, the Johnnies are just waiting to welcome you,' and such jocular remarks. But when they noticed our bullet-shattered banner and our company guidons, all pierced with bullets, they saw they were jeering a veteran regiment, and we received from them three of the most hearty cheers. Our dear chaplain rode along the line of companies as happy as a man could be, and was heartily cheered by the boys as he said to them, 'Didn't I tell you at Arlington the Government would do the right thing and remount us as soon as possible?' I feel that this was the happiest day of his life."

From June 2, 1864, till April 9, 1865, the regiment participated in nineteen engagements, losing 417 of its men in killed and wounded, besides about 200 taken prisoners. As chaplain of the regiment, Doctor Kephart was present and under fire in every one of these nineteen battles.

Speaking of his first experience in battle, he says, in a letter written June 8, 1884: "The morning of the 31st we heard the roar of cannon in battle. I must admit, as it was the first music (?) of the kind I had ever heard, that the effect upon my nerves was by no means soothing." But he undoubtedly became more accustomed very shortly after, for he says, speaking of the battle that followed on the second of June: "Just as the storm was subsiding, the rattle of musketry commenced in the timber but a short distance to the right

of where our regiment lay and was interspersed with cheer upon cheer, and soon shells began to fly, and the fact that they came from two different directions made it evident that the rebels had the 'cross fire' on us. Then and there I first learned what it is to be where the shells are bursting all around. . . . The position the enemy held was strong and the fire galling, but the Twenty-first, though not drilled a single bit as infantry, went into it like veterans. The charge was made and the enemy routed from their position, but our regiment suffered severely."

Mr. Doyle furnishes an interesting description of the battle before Petersburg, in 1864. On June 3, he was shot through the forearm at the battle of Cold Harbor, disabling him for thirty days, during which time he and the chaplain did not meet. He says of the battle at Petersburg:

"Again, in July, we met in front of Petersburg, Virginia, where every day was fight, culminating in the terrible affair so unfortunate to the Union—the blowing up of the mine on July 30. All the previous day and through the night of July 29, we were expecting something desperate to occur, and were preparing for the event in every possible way. The morning of July 30 had just clearly dawned when the earth trembled and an eruption like an earthquake broke forth. The rebel fort on our right burst up into the air, carrying with it the men occupying the fort, some erect, others feet foremost, arms and legs extended, and then all fell back into the crater. At the first sound of the report, all the cannons along the line opened as with one

sound, and made a terrible uproar, the like of which no one living ever heard before. The enemy were overwhelmed with fear. They fled like ants from a destroyed ant-hill. Everything was in consternation. We expected every moment to hear the command, 'Forward! Charge! March!' but it never came. Only three regiments were massed and ordered to possess the fort.

"The enemy soon recovered from the fright, and their cannons opened from every direction, bearing on the fort and the space in front, over which our men were passing. They mowed our men down like grass before the reaper. Those who reached the fort did so to perish, and those who crossed the breastworks did so never to return. For three days all efforts to relieve our wounded failed. Every flag of truce was rejected; the wounded were left to die upon the field in a July sun. Such was the incensed feeling of the enemy that not until all were still in death, the third day after the battle, did we get permission to bury the dead.

"Chaplain Kephart and I passed over the field where the three regiments of men lay slaughtered, covering every foot of ground between the lines at this place. It was a shocking sight; dead bodies lying in every shape and manner, shattered, swollen, lying on top and across each other. Well might General Sherman have said, 'War is hell.' "

Doctor Kephart gives the following poetic description of the blowing up of this fort:

"Awake, brave boys! we're ordered out;
'T is now just three, look well about,
'T is said, at four they'll spring the mine
And open all along the line."

That awful day of sixty-four!
A hundred thousand men or more
Were all aroused, with bated breath,
To plunge into the work of death.

The morning quiet, deathly still,—
Silence supreme, from hill to hill,
Reigned all around; nor could one guess
Why men should fight instead of bless.

The dawn of day advancing fast,
Now gilded o'er the country vast;
The sun began to shoot his rays
And light the camp with his morning blaze.

And still deep silence reigned around,
From fort to fort, from mound to mound;
The army seemed to be asleep,
But, ah, 't was stirred with purpose deep.

Hark! thundering forth an earthquake sound!
A shock with trembling shakes the ground!
A fort goes heav'nward in the air!
And cannon volley forth their blare.

Now, all along the extended line,
For miles on each side of the mine.
The cannon roar, the muskets rattle,
As rages forth the storm of battle.

The minies zip, the mortars thunder!
The bomb-shells fly, the soldiers wonder!
And clouds on clouds of smoke up-curl,
Amid the battle's awful whirl!

Now, "Forward, boys!" the brave commander
Shouts to the colored troops off yonder;
And up they spring and bravely dash
Amid the battle's awful crash.

On, on they go, up through the breach!
On, on, the blown-up fort they reach!
On still they go 'mid rain of shell,
That tell upon their ranks too well!

They've passed the fort, they're through the lines!
Oh, how their courage far outshines
The proudest hopes of Freedom's friends,
And to their race new luster lends!

Now, on the hill they halt to form,
But, ah, upon them falls a storm
Of shot and shell from distant forts—
The musketry of vast cohorts.

They stand! they stagger, and they sway
From left to right, and thousands lay,
Of braves shot down; they strew the ground!
Smoke, roar, and death reign all around!

This carnival of death they brave
A moment, and then seek to save,
By sudden, panic-smitten flight,
The few that's left, and with all might

They break and fly across the breach,
Nor stop until they cover reach,
Where, huddled like dog-frightened sheep,
They stand, too much amazed to speak.

Awhile resounds the cannon's blare;
Awhile the shells their pathway tear
Through breastworks, forests, forts, and tents,
And then the dreadful strife relents.

The sun now settles in the west;
His golden rays in beauty rest
Upon a scene with horror rife—
This field of sanguinary strife!

Five thousand lost to freedom's cause!
Dead, wounded, prisoners! Let us pause
And count, in blood and death, the cost
Of this great battle fought, and lost!

In a letter written August 24, 1864, he gives a partial description of this terrible battle. He says: "We now rest on the famous Weldon Railroad, and I shall take advantage of this temporary halt to drop a few lines. From the time I wrote you my last letter, nothing of special interest occurred until the 30th of July. Then came the blowing up of the fort, the tremendous cannonading, and the repulse of our forces, which some papers of the North and of the South tried hard to magnify into complete annihilation. It is gratifying to every lover of liberty to know that this noble army still survives.

"Respecting the affairs of the 30th ult., I will only add that the cannonading was doubtless the most grand and tremendous the world has ever witnessed. Its effect upon an eye witness was indescribable. The earth trembled; the heavens were black with smoke for miles, while crash upon crash, and peal upon peal made the vast expanse of space resound as if convulsed with some great, thundering tornado."

Later, in describing the movements at Dinwiddie Court House, he says: "There is a fascination, excitement, and glory connected with war when it is removed at a great distance; but when it is brought so near to you that you can hear the minies whistle and sing 'bim,' 'zim,' 'chung,' close to your own ears, and hear the murderous shells howl and scream like death demons through the air, and see them now and then knock over a horse or a man at your side; and just then, in addition to the fact that the enemy is pressing hard on the left flank

and front, the somewhat serious intelligence reaches you that the enemy is in the rear also, and visions of prisons begin to flit across your brain, then the 'glory of the charge' and the 'grandeur of the battlefield' lose all their fascinating brilliancy, and things settle down to what they really are—stern, sober realities."

On December 10, 1864, he recorded in his diary: "I am thirty-two years old to-day; had a miserable night of it; a coat of ice half an inch thick covers everything; had no shelter and slept but very little; by far the most uncomfortable night of my life; but still we cracked many a joke and took everything in good humor, remembering that it is 'all for the flag.'" In an article written describing that same night's rest, he says: "We did not unsaddle our horses, but built fires, around which we huddled, while the merciless sleet and soaking rain pelted us during the whole of that long, long night. I slept but very little, and then lay on the wet ground, using a black man's knee for a pillow. I always knew I was an abolitionist, but never dreamed that the force of circumstance would make me glad to avail myself of the opportunity to use a black man's knee for a pillow."

In his diary he gives the following brief description of the scene in the army leading to and following the capture of Petersburg, 1865:

"April 2nd, Sabbath. Tremendous cannonading all last night in the direction of Petersburg, which increased with tenfold fury as the morning dawned, but ceased about 9:00 A.M. At 10:00 A.M., the joy-

ful news came that Petersburg was taken. Then a scene was witnessed long to be remembered. Such cheering! Hats were thrown twenty feet into the air; the men made the heavens ring with cheer upon cheer, while officers galloped to and fro, swinging their hats, shaking each other's hands, laughing and cheering, completely overcome with joy. Just then General Sheridan rode along the lines, which added greatly to the excitement. About noon it became evident that the Rebel forces, which our movement to the right of the Fifth Corps was designed to check, had withdrawn, and the cavalry again moved down to the extreme left and struck the South Side Railroad at Ford's, moved along the road in the direction of Petersburg for six miles, and at night halted, well satisfied with our day's work. 'The Lord reigns! Let the earth rejoice!'

His description of the events immediately preceding Lee's surrender is as follows:

"April 9th, Sabbath. Moved at 6:00 A.M. Struck the Confederates, or rather they struck us one mile beyond Appomattox Station. Had a sharp fight. The Twenty-fourth and part of the Twenty-fifth Corps came to our assistance. We held the road. General Lee finally seeing that he is surrounded, sends in a flag of truce and proposes to surrender his army. Our cavalry moved out to the left, and before the news of the truce reaches them, they prepare to charge. The Twenty-first leads the charge, and had just started when the news of the truce reached the regiment that was to support them. The Twenty-first charged down the road,

driving the Confederates, but finding their supports were not coming up, returned much chagrined. Learning of the truce, they were well satisfied. Thus the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry makes the last charge, as well as the first charge of this great and glorious campaign. General Lee surrenders his army to General Grant; the soldiers are to be paroled, and permitted to return to their homes unarmed. The news is given to our army. Universal joy! This Lord's day virtually ends the war. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' "

In his record of the 12th of April, he says: "During this campaign I have not had my boots off my feet for fifteen days. Took them off to-day for the first time since we broke camp."

On April 16, he records: "We changed camp, fixed up quarters, and thus a beautiful Sabbath is spent. The news of President Lincoln's assassination, which reached us late last night, is confirmed. Good God! what a national calamity! How mysterious are the providences of God toward this nation! Why should such an act be permitted? God grant that this terrible calamity may be overruled for the nation's good."

Following the surrender of Lee, he returned to Washington, and from thence to his family at Mechanicsville, Pennsylvania, where he arrived on April 28, at 4:00 P.M., and says, "I am once more infinitely happy in the society of my dear little family." On May 1, he says: "At home all day. Oh, how happy the man that can enjoy without

interruption the society of his loving, interesting little family!"

During Doctor Kephart's service in the army, he made the acquaintance of a negro who had the symphonious name of "Ruffin Nathaniel Seeagen Short," with the chief emphasis on the "Short," a servant of Sergeant-Major Long, who was such an interesting character that Doctor Kephart had frequent conversations with him and, after the war, wrote quite an extended account of his interviews. We give one of them:

"Ruffin had entered my tent and taken a seat by the fire. After rubbing his hands and passing the compliments of the evening, he said, 'Chaplain, dar 's a place in dat good Book where it says sumfin' 'bout dar bein' nuffin' dat can sep'rate us from de Lo'd Jesus, isn't dar?'

"'Yes,' I said to him, 'there is.'

"'Well, would yer be so kind as ter jis' find dat place an' read a little ter me. Dat passage has been mighty comfortin' ter me many times. My ole 'oman often read hit ter me.'

"I took up my Bible and turned to Romans 8, and read the whole chapter. He listened very attentively, every now and then interposing a 'Bless de Lo'd,' until I read, 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.' As I pronounced the last word, he brought his hand down on his knee



While Professor in Western College, 1872



Mrs. Kephart, Doctor Kephart, Belle (deceased), and Horace.
(As the family appeared about eighteen years ago.)

with a great slap and exclaimed: 'Dar! Bless de Lo'd! dat kivers de whole groun' an' no mistake. Hit 's jis' as I used to tell my ole massa; de Baptis' doc'rine am right, "onct in grace, allers in grace," for nuffin' can sep'rate us from de lub ob God. Isn't dat so, chaplain? De Book says so, fer yer jis' read hit ter me dis blessed minute.'

" 'You are a Baptist, then,' I said, 'are you?'

" 'Yes, sah, I is. When I got 'ligion, I felt dat I war so great a sinner dat all de water in de Jameses Ribber were not too much to wash my sins 'way; an' I says to de preacher, "Put me in 'fectually, an' no little sprinklin' 'bout it; hit takes moah den sprinklin' ter make me clean.'"

" 'Was your master a Baptist, too?'

" 'No, sah, he 'longed ter no church; but missus an' young missus 'longed ter de Meth'dis', an' massa leaned dat way, too. He allus said dat de Baptist doc'rin' ob "onct in grace, allers in grace," was wrong, and dat de Meth'dis' doc'rin' of backslidin' was right. An' me an' ole massa had many a hard argument on dat berry p'int. But one day, I jis' 'cluded dat I'd settle dat p'int onct for all wid massa; so I got ready and waited till de next time he 'd tackle me. So, one day, we was shuckin' co'n, an' massa com'd 'long in fine good humor, an' he ag'in pokes a little fun at me 'bout de perseverin' ob de saints. So I jis' say ter him, "Now, massa, if yer 'll jis' gib me two minutes time, I convinces yer onct for all dat de Baptis' am right an' de Meth'dis' am wrong." "All right," says massa, laffin', "go 'head." "Well," says I, "hit 's jis' dis way. I's

youh nigga, isn't I?" "Yes, you are." "You buyed me?" "Yes." "You paid for me wid youah own money?" "Yes." "Den I's youahs sartin suah, isn't I?" "Oh, yes." "Well, s'posin' I runs 'way from yer, isn't I youah nigga still?" "Yes, indeed, you are." "Well, I now b'longs to de Lo'd Jesus, 'cause he bought me." "Yes." "He paid for me wid his own blood." "Yes." "Den I's his sartin suah." "Yes." "Supposin' I runs 'way from him, isn't I his still?"

"'And what did your master say to that?' I asked.

"'He jis' looked at me kinder blank-like, an' he says, 'Ruffin, my boy, yer's mighty sharp'; an' from dat on, ole massa nebber onct moah argied wid me 'bout fallin' from grace.'

"The fact was, the wily slave-master saw that it would not do to admit that if his slave ran away from him he would be no longer his. This victory over his master in argument seemed to afford the simple-minded, honest-hearted slave so much satisfaction that I could not find it in my heart to rob him of his joy by pointing out to him the fallacy in his argument. On the other hand, I could but assure him that his victory over his master was complete, even though the logic was false.

"Being much interested in his religious life, I asked him to give me an account of his awakening and conversion.

"'Well,' he said, 'yer see I owes it all to de good Lo'd an' dat blessed ole 'oman ob mine. I was wild an' wicked jis' like udder young niggas, till arter I married 'Nerva. But w'en I wanted ter

marry, I didn't pick out a young gal; I picked on 'Nerva, who b'long ter Cap'in Temples, an' she was fifteen years older den me.'

" 'Why, Ruffin,' I said, 'what was your notion for choosing a wife so much older than yourself?'

" 'Oh, I didn't want any ob dem young gals as goes flirtin' 'round; I wanted a good ole 'oman as has got sense. So I picked on 'Nerva, an' we got married, an' got 'long fust-rate. She nebber scold me onct. She allers spoke kind ter me, called me her boy, an' was allers glad to see me. Before de wah commenced, I went ter see her regular, ebery five or six weeks, on Sat'day night, an' stayed till Sunday night. Had fifteen miles to walk arter a doin' ob my week's work, but dat didn't seem much, for I was allers so glad ter see 'Nerva. She was Cap'in Temples' boss cook, an' de cap'in's wife thought lots ob her an' allers 'lowed her ter gib me somethin' good ter eat. De cap'in's plantation was jis' two miles from City P'int. Dat is, de cap'in lived on dat plantation for seberal years afore de wah, but w'en we got married he lived on de plantation jinin' my massa's, and dar I could be wid 'Nerva almost ebery night in our own little cabin. Arter de wah commenced, I only got to go see 'Nerva onct in five or six months.

" 'Well, as I was goin' ter say, w'en we got married, I was a wicked young nigga, but 'Nerva was a good, true Christian, if ebber dar was one in dis wo'ld. She read ter me outer der Testament and she talked kind ter me 'bout how de blessed Jesus was ter die for us all, and buy us back from de debil

wid his own blood. But wen she saw I was a gittin' worried, she jis' quit talkin' dat minit. Well, ole massa would 'low us niggas to chop down a cowcummer tree, an' at nights we would make wooden bowls outer de wood, an' den on Sundays we would carry dem off an' sell dem, an' in dat way git a little spen'in' money ob our own. Dis I did for quite a while arter we were married, but hit worried 'Nerva much, an' she talked kindly ter me 'bout hit jis' as she saw I would stand her talk, an' told me hit was wicked ter peddle bowls on de good Lo'd's day. An' she did hit all so kind, too, dat I could not find hit in my heart ter git cross at her. One week, I had worked hard an' late each night, makin' bowls, an' on Sunday mornin', as soon as breakfast was ober, I got my lot ob bowls on my back, an' jis' as I stood in de doah ob our cabin ready to start, 'Nerva came ter me wid a nice clean white hanckerchief on her neck, an', looking berry sad, laid her hand on my shoulder an' said, so kind-like, "Well, my boy, is yer goin' ag'in?" But somehow dat kinder riled me, and I jis' said, short-like, "I jis' wish y 'd mind yer own business." She nebber said anudder wo'd, but jis' folded her arms 'cross her breast, heaved a big sigh, an' said, "Lord, bless him." At dat I started, an' a great big lump seemed ter rise rite in my throat an' nearly choke me. I walked out de road wid de bowls on my back, an' as de road was straight for nearly a mile, ebery now an' den I 'd look back an' I could see 'Nerva standin' in de doah, leanin' 'gainst de doah cheekin', an' de white hanckerchief on her neck; an' I know'd

she was prayin' for me all de time. Well, chaplain, 'pon my wo'd, ebery blessed time I looked back, dat lump in my throat got bigger, and dem bowls on my back got heabier. I know'd I ought ter go back; somethin' kept a tellin' me dat I should go back, dat I was a wicked, hard-hearted nigga; but on I went an' sold de bowls. But, oh, how I was troubled; I couldn't rest; dat lump in my throat kept a chokin' me all de while, an' somethin' kept a tellin' me all de while dat de debil, he git me suah. Well, I lit out for home as soon as possible, an' got dar much sooner den usual. 'Nerva was sittin' in de cabin readin' de Testament, but soon as I come she says, "Oh, my boy, I's so glad you come," an' wid dat she quick gits somethin' on de table an' tells me ter set up an' eat. I set up, but dat lump was so big in my throat dat I could not, for de life ob me, swoller a bite. 'Nerva notice dis mighty quick, an' she says, so kind-like, "My poor boy, is yer sick?" Den I could hole in no longer, an' I says: "O 'Nerva, 'Nerva, pray for your poor boy. I's such a great sinner, de debil he gits me suah"; an' wid dat I falls on my knees by de stool, de tears a streamin' down my cheeks. But den yer should hab seen 'Nerva. Instead ob bein' skeered, as I thought she'd be, she jis' clapped her han's an' said, so gentle an' soothin'-like: "Bless de Lo'd, bless de Lo'd! My boy now sees dat he am a sinner! Bless de Lo'd! Jesus come inter de wo'd to save sinners! Bless de Lo'd!"

"'But says I, "O 'Nerva, I's too great a sinner; de Lo'd cannot save me." Den she jis' laffed an'

said: "Oh, you poor, blind, foolish nigga, as if de good Lo'd war weak! Why, he made heaven an' earth, an' you thinks he can't save one little nigga like you. Why, he can save a whole world full ob sinners like you, if dey only come ter him."

"Well, from dat time on till 'bout midnight, we had a time. 'Nerva sung, an' prayed, an' shouted, an' quoted Scripture ter me; an' all de time I seemed to be gittin' nearer an' nearer to de mouth of hell; an' at last, when I jis' see de ole debil wid his big pitchfork 'bout ter histe me right into de lake ob fire, I cries wid all my soul, "Lo'd Jesus, save me or I perish"; an' hit seemed as if he leaped right in between de debil an' me, an' wid a smile on his blessed face, caught me in his arms an' hugged me to his bussum! Well, yer better b'lieve dat war a change for me. Why, hit jis' 'peared as if I war a new man all over. For onct I forgot I was a slave. I shouted glory to God. I clasped 'Nerva in my arms. Afore dat she war a good 'oman, I thought, but now she war an angel. Her black face jis' shined like de gold ob de New Jerusalem, an' our little cabin seemed like heaben itself. Well, from dat blessed day, I hab never b'lieved dat de ole debil or anybody else could pluck me away from my blessed Savior.'"

The work of Doctor Kephart as chaplain was most highly appreciated by all his soldier friends, as they testified in many ways. Rev. M. P. Doyle, his intimate friend, in a personal letter written December 18, 1907, says: "I feel proud and thankful to say that the Church of the United Brethren

in Christ was honored by the Christian record of its minister; and the officers and men of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry were proud of their chaplain. I was very glad because I had a part in that selection, and we were all benefited by the near presence of our chaplain in every battle and every necessity, to instruct and cheer the men in the battle for victory and in the struggle with death. The record of many regimental chaplains was not the most commendable, but such was not the case with the chaplain of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, and the entire regiment, as well as our brigade and its commander, realized and appreciated it. I will mention, among the many services rendered by our chaplain, this incident: The soldiers were at one time over five months without receiving pay, because there was no money to pay them in the treasury. When the paymaster came along, our regiment was in the front line of battle in front of Petersburg. The soldiers were paid right on the firing-line by companies. No man wanted to carry his money into the fight for evident reasons. So our chaplain, Rev. I. L. Kephart, may God bless him, came along with a big coffee sack and received the pay of the officers and men to express to our home folks, and it is worthy of record that never was there a man, or the representative of any man, who ever complained of any delay in having received the money. I bundled up my pay of some five or six hundred dollars with my name upon it, as my only security. The chaplain took it, put it in an express envelope, expressed it to

Bedford, Pennsylvania, to my wife, and word of its reception was received by me, and the same was the experience of every man in my company and of the regiment."

Doctor Kephart mentions in his diary at least six different times at which money was given him to send home. At one time, \$7,700; at another, \$33,029.55; at another, \$51,000. The other times the amount is not stated, except that on February 27, 1865, he received and expressed home 102 packages, the amount not given. This indicates, in a very large degree, the confidence felt in him by the men of his regiment. The following is a statement in this relation from the officers of the regiment:

"CAMP COOK, PENNSYLVANIA.

"To All Whom it May Concern.

"We, the undersigned officers of this detachment of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry, take pleasure in certifying that our chaplain, Rev. I. L. Kephart, has, while identified with us, always conducted himself as a true Christian, and that by the faithful performance of all his duties as chaplain he has secured for himself the esteem and confidence of the officers and men.

"R. F. MOSAN, Lieut. Col.

"M. P. DOYLE, First Lieut. Co. C.

"HOWARD B. JEFFRIES, Sec. Lieut. Co. E.

"E. McMULLEN, Adjutant.

"JOHN KILLINGER, Lieut. Co. C.

"GEO. F. COOK, First Lieut.

"S. M. MURPHY, Assistant Surgeon.

"J. H. HAMMON, Second Lieut. Co. L.

"WARREN FOSTER, Second Lieut. Co. M.

"F. D. FRENCH, First Lieut. Co. L.

"J. I. A. WELLER, Capt.

Member of Military Commission.

"D. B. VONDERSMITH, Captain Co. D.

"GEO. L. STILES, Co. L."

In further attestation of their appreciation of his services, the soldiers of Company G, October 11, 1864, presented to him a splendid set of horse equipments complete, which cost in all \$65, and on March 24, 1865, Company B presented him a fine quarto Bible which bears the inscription:

"In Deo Fides Nostra."

Presented

By

Co. B, 21st Pa. Cavalry,

To

REV. I. L. KEPHART,

as a

Mark of our esteem and kind regards.

The following tribute to Chaplain Kephart is from the pen of Lieutenant William Chandler, and appeared in the "Home," of Strawsburg, Pennsylvania, August 8, 1902: "I wish to pay my respects to our worthy chaplain, Rev. I. L. Kephart, D.D. He has studied men as well as theology. He was ever our consistent spiritual adviser. On the march and in camp he cared tenderly for the sick and wounded. As a soldier for the great Master, he was

always on duty. When occasion permitted on Sundays, he eloquently and forcibly upheld the standard of the Lord, argumentative, sincere, persuasive, and oratorical. Comrades in the camp flocked to hear him, and went away better for the hearing. His message was, to be ready to answer the roll-call in the eternal world beyond. 'Be ye all ready.' "

Rev. M. P. Doyle says: "Chaplain Kephart was a very cheerful and humorous man, and entirely void of any gloomy, ascetic bearing. He was cheerful, always ready to amuse with interesting stories and jocular incidents. I have known him to pass along the companies on the march and cheer them up with some uplifting, laughable incident. It was during the three days of fighting at the Weldon Railroad that he passed the joke, here narrated, upon an old political opponent, Ex-Governor ———. He was putting the money the soldiers had given him in large express envelopes to forward to the different homes. There was circulated at this time a small map showing the progress made in subduing the rebellion. The States in rebellion were shown in black, while the States in the Union were printed in light red. Said he: 'I am going to play a joke on the old copperhead ex-governor. I'll send him this map in one of these express envelopes and promise to pay him \$10,000 when the Northern States turn black and the Rebels conquer the Union army.' He was in a condition to pass a joke at this time, and we both enjoyed this hugely. The map was folded, placed in an official express envelope, marked \$10,000 on the outside, and forwarded with

the other envelopes. 'This,' said he, 'will show him how a soldier at the front argues politics.' "

He says, further: "On one occasion, while the chaplain was preaching to the assembled regiment on the Weldon Railroad just captured, the enemy opened up on us with shot and shell, tearing up the ground all around us and far beyond us into the woods. The place was open, and we must be in full view, as well as in range of the enemy. It is a fact which is to be noted with pride that our brave chaplain never faltered, but kept on preaching, and not a man or officer ever quit his place. Those on the outside nestled in closer, and the service continued to the end. I am confident the enemy regretted this shelling a worshipping congregation, for the fire was stopped before the service was over. I do not know of any act that occurred in the entire war that shows greater courage than the firmness of the preacher who preached under this terrible and unexpected fire, and the cool conduct of the congregation that was not dispersed by cannonballs.

"It is not surprising that the officers gathered around the chaplain and congratulated him on his courage and firmness, but we all congratulated each other and thanked God that no one was injured in this service under fire."

At the battle of Boydton Plank Road, Mr. Doyle received a bullet wound in the knee and was taken to the hospital. Speaking of this he says: "The dear, good chaplain visited me for the last time at the hospital in which I was placed; gave

me an account of the action and how my company was literally wiped out with the exception of seventeen men. They entered the battle with seventy-three men. This ended our military companionship.

"Chaplain Kephart was admitted by all the officers and men of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry to be a brave and fearless soldier, remaining with his regiment in all its advances, a faithful chaplain, ever present to give religious counsel, to soothe the dying, to minister to the sick and wounded, to cheer the homesick and drooping spirit, and strengthen the soldier going into battle. He was a close and true friend and a delightful companion."

EDITOR

"He who would hear the whisperings of the 'still small voice' must learn to listen for it in the quiet of his own soul rather than in the noise and bustle of life."

VI.

EDITOR

DOCTOR KEPHART became editor of the Religious Telescope by election to that position at the General Conference held at York, Pennsylvania, in 1889, and served the Church in that capacity until the Lord translated him on the twenty-eighth day of October, 1908, his term of service lasting almost twenty years.

To set forth his real work as an editor is something which words cannot do. Knowing him and feeling the impulse of his life, one would rather his work be seen than to think of his personality, for his constant desire in his work was that he might influence his readers to that which was good and pure, rather than to establish himself as an editor.

With this conception, we review in this chapter the work of the last twenty years of his life. In point of duration, it was the longest term of service given by any of the editors of the Church; the next longest being that of J. W. Hott, D.D., whose term was from 1877 to 1889.

Doctor Kephart came to this position when our denomination was in great turmoil over the Commission Act, which was approved by the General Conference at which he was elected, and at which the Radical brethren withdrew from the Church

and organized the new denomination subsequently known as the Radical United Brethren.

A new era was opening before our denomination at this period, and he who was to assume the responsible position of editor of the *Religious Telescope* little knew what was in store for him in the measure of exacting service that would be expected in this new position, for the *Telescope* became the medium for continued argument on the vexing questions of the day.

The result of his years of toil in this position prove the wisdom of the General Conference in his selection. When the student of our Church history studies this period analytically, he will be compelled to accord to Isaiah L. Kephart, as editor of the *Religious Telescope*, great credit for the statesman-like manner in which he handled the official organ of the Church.

Qualification is essential to any great work. The results of Doctor Kephart's life are so pronounced as to cause one to inquire as to the educational advantages of one who was so earnest and careful and successful in leading the hosts of God with such triumph.

In answering this question, we find that he was a close student and had quick discernment and positive application of mind. These qualities were not entirely the product of book learning, for he had a special training in the early years of his life which made lasting impressions upon his mind, and prepared him for the best results in pursuing his studies in his school life.

It was this practical education that manifested itself in all his toil, and which, to a great degree, prepared him for his greatest life work in the editorial chair.

The fact that he was forced to steer a raft down the rapid streams of the Alleghanies compelled him to early learn the lesson of close application to his task, for a wrong move or a thoughtless moment might have meant the loss of the entire raft, as well as his own life.

In his school-days, as a student, he was direct in his thinking. His work was not superficial, as he never rested on his task until he had done his best to reach the root of the matter, whether it was in mathematics, philosophy, science, or religion. His qualification was greatly enhanced by a strong memory, that enabled him to retain for future use the information which he had gathered, and with his analytical mind he associated everything he touched in such a way as to be productive in his thinking; thus, as a student, he touched every field of inquiry, some fields technically, others in a more general way, but in each case thoroughly to the extent of the inquiry made, so that his conclusions were not artificially based on assumption, for what Doctor Kephart knew, he knew very well.

His specific educational qualifications have been stated in another chapter, and only that which relates to his preparation for the most responsible position that he held in his life is here considered. The impression grows, as we study the great service he rendered to the Church, that he was espe-

cially chosen of God to give direction to the thought of the Church at this critical time.

It was no uncommon thing for Doctor Kephart to turn aside from editorial work and write a poem, which not only had the power of the Muses in it, but which in sentiment and lesson was exceptional.

The leadings of his well-cultured mind caused him often to write his opinion on such questions as "The Relation of the Stars One to the Other," "To the Air," "Waves of Sound," etc. Nor was he a stranger to botany, as is manifested in many of his editorials, where the lessons taught from this field of science are amplified. His knowledge in these lines of thought gave diversity to his editorial writings.

As stated before, the Church was in turmoil at the time he assumed the work of editor. He was then president of Westfield College, and his election came to him, he often said, as a great surprise, as he did not know that any one was thinking of him in that relation.

His debates in the Telescope in previous years, as well as his work as a professor and president, had attracted the attention of the more thoughtful members of the General Conference, and their wisdom, divinely guided, caused them to make no mistake in his selection, for he seemed in every way fitted for his work, and especially on account of the even temper of his spirit. A man of wonderful poise, so that, in crucial moments, when great agitations were about him, he seemed able to quietly do that which was necessary to be done without excite-

ment. Like a pilot on a great vessel in the storm, when all the passengers on board are excited, he remains calmly at his post, holding the old ship against the billows that clash and threaten its very existence.

Soon after his election the great legal conflict began that threatened every general interest of the Church, and affected the security of the property of every local congregation.

It is interesting to read his first editorial on assuming the responsibility of this position. The following is his salutatory:

“‘Man proposes and God disposes.’ Having been called of Him, through the action of the General Conference, to edit your paper, I desire, on entering upon the work, to extend to you cordial, hearty greetings, as well as to bespeak your aid and forbearance. Profoundly do I realize that mine is no easy task. The Telescope occupies a high position among the religious periodicals of the land. It is the organ of the Church we all so tenderly love, and for the prosperity and usefulness of which we are so deeply solicitous. My predecessor has served you with great efficiency. That the enterprise may not deteriorate, and that the great interests at stake may be promoted, much work of a high order must be done.

“To this work is brought a keen sense of the great responsibility of the position and an abiding confidence in the willingness of Almighty God to aid all faithful workers who look to, and confide in him.

"The Religious Telescope is not my paper, but yours. It belongs to, and must voice the sentiments and conserve the interests of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ. Its mission is not to thrust upon the readers of its columns certain peculiar or personal opinions, prejudices, or preferences, but to keep Christ before the people; to warn the sinner of his danger, and point him to Jesus as his only hope; to comfort and edify believers; to defend and foster the interests of the Christian church in general, and of the United Brethren Church in particular; to aid pastors in their great work; to bless the homes of its readers by bringing into them the wholesome, cheering sunshine of pure, instructive reading-matter; to strive to move men up to a higher, holier plane of Christian activity by showing them the beauty, the importance, the reward of such a life, rather than by censuring them for doing wrong; to strive to lead the masses into the right way by showing what the right way is, and the nobility and grandeur of walking therein, rather than by reproaching the wrong way; to respect the opinions and teachings of the religious and secular press; to treat with becoming courtesy all branches of the Christian church, all professed Christians; as far as possible, consistent with self-respect and the defense of vital interests, to avoid assailing or seeking controversy with enemies; to be no 'striker,' but in the spirit of our divine Lord, to be an ardent defender of 'the faith delivered unto the saints.'

"The key-note of the gospel is, 'Peace on earth,

good will to man'; and now that the questions that have agitated our beloved Zion have been settled by the vote of the Church, it seems to me that the time has come for controversy to cease. Therefore, the sentiment of my heart is, 'Let us have peace.'

"There is now no need of, nor time for strife with those who have seen fit to depart. The questions that the vote of the Church has settled cannot be changed by word-battles. Time and space can be more profitably employed than to indulge in these. Such important interests—the spirituality of the Church, the salvation of souls, the cause of missions, Christian education—demand special attention, and must receive it, if the Church is to go forward in her Heaven-appointed work. This leaves but little time and less space for profitless disputation and 'last words.'

"Impressed with these thoughts, I say to you all, and from the depths of my soul, Pray for the peace of the United Brethren Church, and aid in speeding the answer to this prayer by refusing to say or do anything that will tend to provoke controversy, abiding in the assurance that they shall prosper in their soul-life who love her and labor for her prosperity.

"As far as my part of the work is concerned, as far as in me lieth, God being my helper, the Religious Telescope shall accomplish the true mission of a Christian periodical; shall be true to the highest legislative and judicial authority of our Zion. The Church, through its General Conference, selects the editor of its organ; and duty, loyalty requires that

to the best of his ability he perform the work allotted to him. Should a difference of opinion on his part stand in the way of his carrying out the will of the Church, honesty and manliness would demand that he decline the position, or having accepted it, resign.

"Having been born, reared, converted to God, and educated in the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, I am heartily in accord with all the cardinal tenets of its faith and its church polity; and it shall be my care and my pleasure, as the editor of its organ, to maintain its doctrines and promote its prosperity.

"Having for my associate him who has so faithfully and efficiently served you as assistant editor for the last eight years, will be of inestimable value to me and to you.

"To both the religious and the secular press, I extend cordial greetings, and bespeak for myself their kind consideration, and for my work their candid, generous criticism.

"And now, brethren, sisters, friends, devoutly invoking God's blessing and guidance, and sincerely requesting that your editor be remembered by you in your daily devotions, and therein commended to the gracious guidance of our Heavenly Father, I say, 'Forgetting those things which are behind,' that ought to be forgotten, let us go forward in obedience to the command of Him who has said, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' Before our Church there opens up a wide field of usefulness. May the King of kings help

each to do his part in the occupying of this great field to the glory of his matchless name."

No one can read these words without being convinced that a sincere heart was earnestly assuming the responsibility of the hour, and, as the years passed, this sincerity manifested itself more and more.

The special elements that entered into, and manifested themselves in his work as editor, are:

1. *Fruitfulness.* His management of the Telescope marks a new era in the life of our denomination. This is said without any reflection upon the work of his predecessors. Conditions had changed in the Church; the issues which had been uncertain were now distinctly drawn, and possibilities of the Church as an organization appealed to his liberal mind, and he at once planned his work with a view of developing the latent power of the membership.

While not claiming leadership in this matter, for at that time no one would have disputed the position of leadership with that princely man, Bishop J. Weaver, D.D., yet Doctor Kephart never failed to second any onward movement that would create greater activity in the Church.

It was the period of reconstruction and reorganization, and, on this account, the Church may have erred in judgment in the methods used in some things; but those who will take the time to go back through the files of the Religious Telescope will find a clear ring of advancement in every expression of the pen of this splendid thinker.

2. *Courage.* Prejudice and intense feeling were

everywhere manifested during the beginning years of his editorial work. Families were divided on the question of secrecy. College classmates, friends from childhood, members of the same local society were arraigned against each other in the most hostile manner. Charges and countercharges were being made on every hand, and, as editor of the *Telescope*, Doctor Kephart was in the center of the battle, and the Publishing House, with its aggressive and able agent, Dr. W. J. Shuey, whose earnestness and skill manifested itself in all the legal controversy that followed the division in 1889, caused this institution, as Bishop Castle well put it, to become "the storm-center of the entire Church."

Is it any wonder, then, with conditions as they were, that the man who has to determine the editorial policy of the *Telescope*, and thus lead the thought of the denomination, would need courage? One is led to say, in the words of Addison, "The soul, secured in her existence, smiles at the drawn dagger and defies its point." When one is face to face with bitter charges that become personal in many instances, as directed against the editor, it requires courage to rise above these conditions and do that which would prove a blessing, not only to the Church, but to humanity. Doctor Kephart had character back of his courage. Hence the shafts of sarcasm and even of misrepresentation did not move him from his position.

His courage was ever manifest, for he was not afraid to use strong terms when he felt they were needful in order to convey the facts. In 1890, when

the legal contest in our Church was being waged with vigor by the seceders, he had an editorial note under the heading, "More Falsifying," and, in his own peculiar but drastic manner, he wrote the following under that caption:

"As a sample of the falsehoods circulated through the organ of the seceders, and by which some honest men are being deceived by the few who head the Church secession movement, we call attention to their assertion that the General Conference of 1889 left the Bible out of the course of reading for preachers. To see how utterly foundationless this charge is, the reader need but refer to pages 80 and 81 of the new Discipline. On page 81, under 'Annual Conference Preachers,' we read as follows: 'Licentiates shall be examined, also, each year of their probation, on the Bible, and on the doctrine and government of the Church as taught in our Book of Discipline.'

* * * * *

"However, the editor, on being informed of this, comes out in his last issue and says, 'We answer that this criticism we made on the liberal General Conference of 1889 is strictly true.' Thus, in the face of the plainest facts to the contrary, he seeks to make his readers believe that the General Conference discarded the Bible. Is not this astonishing? Surely the cause that its leaders seek to sustain by such methods is doomed. Who can help having a holy contempt for such a self-seeking deceiver and falsifier? Should that man wince and whine about the use of 'discourteous language'

when he is told plainly that he is playing the part of a deceiver, hypocrite, and fraud?"

Looking back through the years, this language is certainly heroic, and shows the courage of the writer.

In an editorial note later, under the title, "More Twistification," Doctor Kephart shows his readiness to meet with frankness the conditions obtaining. He states in this editorial the position of the Radicals in the testimony given, and continuing, says: "Suppose their membership is 60,000. Then it is five-seventeenths of the membership of the Church as reported in the Year Book for 1889. If this is true, then their accessions to the Church should number five-seventeenths of the whole number received. The accessions reported to the Telescope of the 22d and 29th of January aggregate 1,119, and the accessions to the seceders' church reported in their organ of the same dates aggregate sixty (we do not count any that are only reported as converted in either case), which, instead of being five-seventeenths of the total number received, as it should be if they have 60,000 members, is only about five-ninety-eighths of the number received. In other words, if they (the Radicals) have 60,000 members, as they claim, granting that their ministers are only as energetic and spiritual as ours, they should have received 345, and we 1,119, during the two weeks reported; but the fact is, as published in their organ, they have only sixty. Is not this demonstrative proof that even their claim of 60,000 members is a gross deception and fraud?"

3. *Sincerity.* Even those who may have differed with him on any question willingly grant to him the fact that he was sincere in his belief. In his great debate with Bishop Weaver, on the "Foreknowledge of God," he undertook to argue, first, with a giant in debate; and second, chose the unpopular side of the question, permitting himself to be adjudged as lacking in orthodoxy in order that he might present faithfully and earnestly his views upon this great doctrine. Few men would have undertaken to argue this case, but Doctor Kephart went into it fearlessly, believing, as he did, that he was doing a real service to humanity when he presented his advanced views on this subject.

No one can read his editorial on "God with Our Church," or "Why Our Preachers Fail," or the one on "Prayer for Colleges," without being impressed that underneath the expressions found in these able editorials was a sincere heart, beating in absolute accord with the truth of God, thereby adding strength to the words written.

I cannot but quote the words of Longfellow, who says:

"You know I say
Just what I think; and nothing more nor less,
And when I pray, my heart is in my prayer.
I cannot say one thing and mean another;
If I can't pray, I will not make believe."

Who could read his last report to the Board of Trustees, made in April of 1908, without feeling a peculiar impression as to the sincerity of this man

as he did his work in connection with his official relation to the Church?

"In the good providence of God, I am permitted to submit to you my nineteenth annual report as editor of the Religious Telescope. In doing so, I desire especially to acknowledge my gratitude to our merciful Heavenly Father for his keeping and sustaining grace through another year. Truly, 'the mercy of the Lord endureth forever.'

* * * * *

"My relations during the year with our publishing agent, with my associate, with all the other general officers in the House, and with all the employees thereof have been most cordial and pleasant. Their uniform kindness and courtesy have been very marked, and highly esteemed and appreciated. They all have my love, prayers, and best wishes.

"But, brethren, the shadows lengthen. I am now in my seventy-sixth year. My life has ever been one of hard, earnest toil and self-sacrifice. God has been very good to me. I have much for which to be thankful, and nothing of which to complain. If I live and fill my present position until a year from the first of next July, I shall have served in this relation twenty years. It is a long time for a poor, fallible editor to be under the critical eye of from fifty to seventy thousand discerning, thinking American readers. When that time comes, oh, how sweet, pleasant, and refreshing will complete release and rest be to a tired brain! Then I shall lay down my editorial pen to take it up no more.

“My present solicitude, so far as I am concerned personally, is that God may give me wisdom and grace so to round out this small remainder of my fifth quadrennium as editor as to be able to retire from the office with a conscience void of offense toward God and man; and to this end I devoutly solicit your sympathy and prayers.”

4. *Kindness.* To deal with a manuscript sent in for publication, determining the best thing for the writer and for the reader, is often embarrassing for the editor, for the writer may be a personal friend, or the opposite condition may obtain. The subject-matter of the article may be such as to preclude its publication. To deal justly with such a case requires an extra amount of human kindness. It was not Doctor Kephart's policy to ruthlessly cast aside articles as they came in, putting them in the waste-basket without notice, but it was his uniform rule to write a personal letter in case he could not use the production, and, in the most frank and kindly way, give his reasons for declining. This he did, in many instances, with persons who were not in accord with his conception of editorial duties, yet he never failed to write to them kindly and give the ground of his decision. His sensitive nature saw the needs of the people, on the one hand, and of our ministers, on the other; and, in going through the files of the Religious Telescope, and noting the editorials along that line, it is interesting to see how, from the very beginning of his writings, he dealt most earnestly with the conditions of the Church. A series of editorials, under the title,

"Epistle of Timeas," treated on the subject of "Homes for the Pastors of Our Church" in such a way as to show his great heart of sympathy for the toiling ministry. In the second editorial under this title, he argues with great earnestness in favor of the erection of parsonages, and says: "My brethren, have you no interest in the material comfort of these homeless, wandering pilgrims (and in a very practical sense, they are homeless—not houseless), and that, too, for your sakes and the sakes of your families and the good of the community in which you live? Multitudes of you have your own homes. Year by year you add to their beauty and adornment and truly enjoy them, sitting under, and eating from your own vine and fruit-tree, none daring to molest you or make you afraid of being driven out at the end of the year. This an itinerant cannot have, much as it is to be desired. The itinerant is often compelled to rent an old, shabby house in a very unpleasant location, with insufficient room, dingy and poorly arranged, with dilapidated surroundings, such as he regrets to take his family and friends to—such as many of us members would not live in as a gift. The remedy of this lies in producing a suitable parsonage on every field where it can be done."

From week to week there was found in his editorials that which argued in favor of the care of the needy and the uplifting of the oppressed. He stood stanch and strong in the defense of the weak, and, as a molder of public sentiment in our Church, he was ready to assist in the strengthening of the weak

places in our organized life in order that more people might be helped. Thus his kindness manifested itself in large measure. I quote the words of Wordsworth, which apply with great force to this element in Doctor Kephart's work as an editor:

"That best portion of a good man's life is
Little, nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

5. *Progressiveness.* One only needs to study carefully the movements of the Church in the twenty years of service that he rendered to see how true is this statement. If I were to illustrate, I would go back to 1890, when, under the caption, "Presiding Eldership," he gives a vision of what the Church has approved in this day. He then describes the work of the presiding elder in such a way as to almost outline the duties and responsibilities of that office under the superintendency as now carried out in many conferences. The following is his own statement:

"In another column we publish what a layman has to say on this subject. The position he takes is an extreme one, in which he gives only one side of a question most clearly two-sided. The true idea of the presiding eldership is that of superintendency. Only as this primary and distinctive idea is departed from, or as there is no longer any place for its application, can the eldership be deemed a failure or unnecessary. It is true that in many places the work of the presiding elder is no longer needed, nor is it especially helpful. But this does not prove that the office and work of the presiding

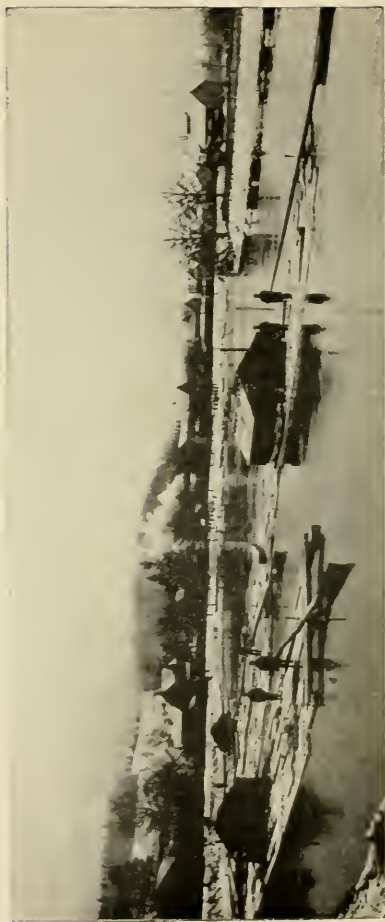
elder could be dispensed with. The charges where the work of the presiding elder is not needed are the exceptional ones.

"We understood our correspondent, Rev. T. D. Adams, in the Telescope of November 27th last, himself a presiding elder, to favor such a readjustment of the office as will make it more effective in promoting the varied interests of the Church. He outlined his ideas of modifying existing practices and making adjustments suited to these practical times, in order to meet the demands for more wise and aggressive work. Just such adjustments we favor, but not dispensing with the office or work of the presiding elder.

"We venture the assertion that there is not a conference in the Church that can dispense with the office of presiding elder without serious loss. It may be that for purposes of superintendence, only one presiding elder is needed in a conference; or when conferences are small, even the full time of an elder may not be needed. In such a case the extra time could be given to a charge. But certainly in every conference there is needed at least one man, not merely to conduct communion services, but to plan for opening up new missions, and for strengthening missions already established. We know presiding elders who so interpret their mission. Strong, well-organized charges receive but little attention, while those having young and inexperienced ministers, or those having struggles from debt or otherwise, are given special assistance. This is our idea of the presiding eldership, and we



Dr. I. L. Kephart as he Appeared Daily at his Office Desk.



Rafting Scene, such as I. L. Kephart Participated in.

believe it is in entire harmony with its original idea and appointment.

"These variations and adaptations to new conditions and the growing demands of the Church are perfectly compatible with the office. Let us discriminate wisely, hold on to that which is good, and only put away from us such features of the eldership as we have plainly outgrown."

His strong stand on the revision question did much to allay feeling and quiet conditions in our denomination, for he stood for the broadest view in relation to conscience on the question of secret organizations, and allowed the individual to reach his own conclusions in reference to these matters. This progressive step aided much toward bringing about a prosperous condition in the life of the Church.

He never compromised with sin, as is well known. His progressiveness did not lead him to the place where he was ready to give up fundamentals in order to obtain other desired results, but, if it were a matter of individual conscience, he was ready to accord to each person the right of making decision. This was very helpful in the reorganization of our Church.

When it came to the time for special efforts in favor of education—looking to greater things for our educational institutions—The Telescope, under Doctor Kephart, always opened its columns for the freest discussion, and at the same time his own pen was in favor of onward movements.

In the payment of all the debts resting upon our general interests and upon the colleges, the editor was ready to second all of these splendid undertakings. So,

in the division of the work of "The Home, Frontier, and Foreign Missionary Society, he saw the good effect of such a move and gave earnest expression in its favor. He stood not as a conservative brakeman upon the wheels of progress, but as a man of vision, ready for an upward movement on every line of service in the kingdom.

As an editor, Doctor Kephart was an original worker and thinker. He was not afraid to express his opinion upon the questions that were not generally discussed, showing a disposition to do primary thinking that is not often manifested. It was no uncommon thing for him to take up a subject that had not been discussed in any of the religious papers and enter upon a vigorous analysis of the theme, thus attracting to the work of his paper the attention of thinkers, both in science and philosophy, as well as in the religious field. His articles under the subject, "Science and Religion," and kindred themes, are strong in their original research, dealing, it is true, with much that was common on the subject, yet going beneath the ordinary discussion of the day, dealing with the fundamentals, thus making his utterances on these subjects of great worth. Some of them will be found in the closing chapter, where his own sayings are presented.

When one reads Doctor Kephart's original editorials on great themes, he is led to think of the words of Longfellow:

"Great men stand like solitary towers in the City of God, and secret passages, running deep beneath eternal nature, give their thoughts intercourse with higher in-

telligence, which strengthens and consoles them, of which the laborers on the surface do not even dream."

Of his style, it can be said that it was his own. Strong and peculiar in expression were all his writings. Clearness was evident everywhere in his declarations. None could mistake his meaning, for he gave expression in simple language so there could be no misunderstanding of his thought. Going direct to the point, he presented it in such a way that the humblest mind could accept it or reject it, as the case might be. No mystifying of his sentences; no labored effort to seem strong in expression by long, complex statements. He was a short-sentence man.

There were two other elements that entered into his work as an editor that were very acceptable—one a poetic turn in nearly everything that he said. It was not a difficult thing for him to write poetry. Often, when he was in the midst of a heavy discussion, there would come such an adjustment of words that it would seem that he was about to break forth in a poetic strain. It added beauty and strength to his utterances. This was also true of his native wit. Had Doctor Kephart allowed himself to follow his inclinations in this line, he could have been the editor of a comic paper, for no one could tell an amusing story better than he, and no one delighted more than he in giving merriment to those about him by some witty expression, or amusing incident.

**SPECIAL TRAITS OF
CHARACTER**

“Humility is a key which unlocks the door to many a favor,
both human and divine.”

VII.

SPECIAL TRAITS OF CHARACTER

THE old Latin scholar said, "Things perfected by Nature are better than those furnished by art." This is especially true when we study the character of Isaiah L. Kephart, considering every element that entered into his splendid life.

He has not left us any special motto that governed him in his conduct, but one thing is certain, that his control of body and mind, as well as soul development, indicated a firmness of character akin to that which is found in the great worthies of history. The motto of Viscount Hereford stands out in vivid brightness when one studies his life, for he was wont always to say, "*Basis virtutum constantia est*" ("Steadiness is the foundation of all virtue"). This was certainly true as applied to the life of Editor Kephart.

The whole of the pilgrimage of his life was spent in earnest toil, being possessed of a fine physical constitution, a body that defied disease on the one hand, and was so completely under control, on the other, that he was permitted to do great service in whatever position he was placed. As the body is the tenement in which resides the soul, it is important that it be as nearly perfect as possible in order that the greatest results may obtain in the spiritual life of the individual.

Doctor Kephart stood as an example of physical strength and endurance. Without a perfect body one would not be able to pass through hardships where physical endurance is demanded. In the early periods of his life, roughing it in the lumber camp, and in subsequent time passing through the ordeals of army life, he came out of these seasons of special physical strain without any abiding injury to the splendid body he possessed. The reason for all this is found in two things: First, he came from good parentage; and, second, he took extraordinary care of his body, for he looked upon this as a necessity. He was not ashamed to say that he could or could not do a certain thing, nor did he pollute the temple of the soul by the use of narcotics or intoxicating liquors. He was careful in his mode of life, plain, but a good liver, and in that particular developed rather than destroyed the physical tissue that was to serve him so well through the seventy-five or more years of his life's journey. The attending physician and the specialist who attended him in his last illness spoke of his well-preserved body. At seventy-five years there was no organic trouble.

Some one has said, so truthfully, that the soul is but the body's guest, and the influence of the body upon the soul life is so manifest in the case of Doctor Kephart that one cannot but realize the importance of the relationship existing between the two, the human and the divine.

As an example in the care of his body, it would be well for every minister to know something of his methodical mode of life. He was unwilling to put his

body to an unnecessary strain unless it be an emergency; otherwise he guarded carefully his physical strength in order that he might endure continued service and close life in a rounded-out old age in complete enjoyment of health. This was true of him to a marked degree.

Having the right conception of the relation of body to soul, he made the body the servant to do the will of the higher Nature within him, thus accomplishing the greatest possible results in his life.

In the care of his body the words of the poet apply:

"For of the soul the body form doth take;
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

In view of the wonderful control of his physical being, it is natural that we should call attention to his clear-mindedness in his work. His reasoning was always without obstruction; so pronounced were his views that his thought stood out prominent in all that he wrote or said. He was not in doubt on any proposition on which he gave utterance. His mind seemed much like the clear spring of water, without a trace of impurity. In the mountains near his childhood home are found springs of water into which you may look for many, many feet without detecting even a shadow of impurity. Doctor Kephart's mind seemed to be just that way, and as he thought upon great themes there came forth clear expressions, bringing out his ideas in such a manner as to impress one with the beauty of a clear intellect.

Thus he was looked upon by all who knew him intimately as a man of good judgment. He seldom reached a conclusion suddenly, but was always ready to reason

around the subject. It is certainly true that the purity of his soul life affected the mental attainments which he possessed, so free from everything that was hidden, or dark, or mean, that his frankness was uninterrupted by any evil thought or purpose.

How true the statement, " 'T is the mind that makes the body rich, and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth into the meanest habit." So unobstructed was his intellectual vision that he could see with undimmed eyes into problems that staggered the intellectual strength of many of his associates. So responsive was his intellectual hearing that he could discern the whisperings of divine purposes when no one else about him seemed to be conscious of coming events. Thus he stood a prophet, predicting good when others were in amazement and wonder as to the outcome of conditions.

This was especially manifested when, as chaplain in the army, he stood amid the crashing thunder of cannon, declaring that the right would prevail, and that the Union would be saved from disruption.

Another element in his character was the fact that he had no unworthy ambition. Ambition he had, for purpose cannot manifest itself without it, but it can be said of Doctor Kephart that his ambition was to advance his Master's kingdom, and while he had an ambition for knowledge and swept the inner chambers of research for information, yet his greatest desire was to know Him who was his soul's Redeemer, and find in his service the delight that would make for him an everlasting salvation in the kingdom of heaven.

Doctor Kephart believed firmly in the statement of

Channing, who said, "Every mind was made for growth, for knowledge, and its nature is sinned against when it is doomed to ignorance." The ambition of our departed friend was to have an unlimited knowledge of the truth of God, and he subjugated everything about him to the attainment of that truth. His determined purpose was to do well his work, and if in the doing of that work there was brought to him certain emoluments, such as position or honor, he was not unconscious of the value of these things, nor was he cold in appreciation of the good opinion of those who were about him. It was his desire that men think well of him, and his ambition was not wrong in this, for he sought to strengthen himself in the service of truth by avoiding antagonisms that would drive men away from him, and from the Christ whom he especially delighted to honor. There was a desire in his heart to make advancement, and I believe that the statement of Carlisle, "No man is born without ambitious worldly desires," was true in the life of Doctor Kephart; but the best part, as it relates to his purposes and desires, was that he sought advancement for himself under the impulse of doing more and accomplishing more for the development of the kingdom of Jesus Christ in the world. Surely no one could contest his position in that particular. A wrong ambition becomes a sail that carries men into the wrong port or haven. "Wild ambition loves to slide, and fortune's ice prefers to nature's land," but not so in the case of our subject. He preferred to find satisfaction in ambition's field by planting his feet upon the adamant rock of ages, and, standing amid opposition and trouble and care, holding up

the beacon light of truth, that men everywhere might know the power of a Christ that is able to control the soul, filled with worthy ambition.

Doctor Kephart was full of determination. There was in him that which enabled him to go straight through to the goal; it mattered not what intervened. It is a wonderful thing to have a fixed purpose; having thought out the whole subject, to set about in a systematic way to reach the end in view. Here determination does its work. Goethe says, "He who is firm in will molds the world to himself." Like Jonathan of old, when he determined with his own lone armor-bearer to fight the Philistines, the crags and peaks that were before him had no determent for him, but on hands and knees, if necessary, he would reach the position where God Almighty might manifest his power to save by the many or the few. So Doctor Kephart viewed the situation, whatever it may have been, and, having reached a conclusion as to the place he ought to occupy, at once proceeded to take his stand without reference to the position of any one else. This made him especially strong as a leader among men; not outspoken, not self-assertive in his leadership, but one to whom others would go for counsel and advice. One cannot but admire the individual who with a determined will brings every energy and strength to bear upon a given enterprise or service. Thus Napoleon, Alexander, Wesley, and Luther each in their peculiar positions determined and then wrought out in life their purposes; so Doctor Kephart, while in a different field, yet in just as important a sense in his relation to humanity, willed in accordance with the purpose of

God, and certainly terminated his life amid the glory of a victorious triumph. "The general of a great army may be defeated, but you cannot defeat the determined mind of a peasant."

A special element characteristic in his life was found in his supreme loyalty to the right and to the efforts of the right. The first question he asked was, "Is it right, or is it wrong?" Upon that proposition depended his attitude in any given question that might arise, affecting his life or his service in the position that he may have been occupying. If he made a mistake, it was a mistake of judgment as to what he thought was right. His loyalty to the truth of God forced him out so far on that side of every social and political and religious question that affected the conduct of the people, that some looked upon him as fanatical. This was true in his relation to the institution of slavery, and his awful hatred of the liquor traffic, and municipal and State and National dishonesty. No word too strong could be found that he would not utter at any time and at any place against what he considered to be an evil, and the supporters of all things righteous, whatever may have been their personal weaknesses or imperfections, were considered by him as friends, and he stood for them under all conditions. Thus it was natural for him to sing the praises of John Brown of slavery times, and of Abraham Lincoln, the one great patriot who stood for the liberty of men, and for every preacher of the gospel of righteousness in civil and municipal affairs, and for every agency and power and indi-

vidual who was willing to put up a fight against the accursed liquor traffic. Thus with voice and pen he stood for every reform and every reformer, seeking to make them his own personal friends, because of their attitude toward the right.

Doctor Kephart realized that "truth is sensitive and jealous of the least encroaching upon its sacredness," and therefore he was ready to give earnest support to the right under all circumstances. As a result of this attitude on his part, he gained strength from year to year as a defender of the right. How true the words of Carlyle, who said, "A man protesting against error is on the way toward uniting himself with all men that believe in truth." Hence Doctor Kephart emphasized the fact that he was in accord with the great army of individuals who were battling against error.

Another element in his character was the purity of his personal life. It is true that conscience is stronger than intellect, due to the fact that the spirit of God makes its impression directly upon the conscience, and the conscience discerns more quickly than the intellect that which is good and pure and right. All this has to do with the personal life of the individual; the innate conception; the fountain of action; the determination to do the pure thing on account of his own relation to it. Doctor Kephart did this on all occasions, standing without question in his relation to his own personal life, living it in purity before man. As I saw him, he fulfilled that wonderful statement of Froude, who declared, "Morality, when vigorously alive, sees farther than

intellect and provides unconsciously for intellectual difficulties." Thus we see this godly man standing in the personal purity of his own life a tower of strength for truth and righteousness. True to himself, he went forth to lead others into the way of right living. While Emerson did not manifest great faith in religious things, yet he uttered a marvelous and divine truth when he said, "When life is true to the poles of nature, the streams of truth will roll through us in song." This was especially true as a trait of character in the life of Dr. Isaiah L. Kephart. His personal purity distinguished him from the common run of men. His life was an open book, a piece of white paper on which he was writing the record of the years. He disdained a little thing; he would not do a mean act. There was no occasion for apology on his part for having discredited his own manhood. What a splendid record in personal purity of life, stainless in every particular. An example of what a man can be, if he will, in his own conscious relation to God and to the world about him. Like other men in disposition, yet with absolute control of his own life, he fashioned it in perfect accord with his Father's will.

Another element is found in his character that is kin to the one I have just described. He was very strong in his family life. The ties that bound him to his home were as bands of steel. No condition could separate him or cause him to turn away from his household. He was ever and again saying to those with whom he was associated, "My home is

my castle." He made his house in which his loved ones dwelt a veritable fortress of defense against all who might assail. It was his delight to open before his children possibilities in development of character and intellect, and son and daughter were given the very best opportunities for culture. It was not a question to him of accumulation of money, that they might be financially independent of the world, but rather that they should have knowledge, have it in accord with the Word of God, in order that their lives might be united to the very source of power, which was above all material honor or wealth. His home, therefore, was the place where he had fellowship with his loved ones, and where he entered into their lives in such a manner as to become a companion for his children. This was marked in his life, and when he entered the homes of his friends, the children of the household would gather about him to hear him give reminiscences of his eventful life, or to philosophize on some phase of youthful experience manifested in his own life, or which might be reckoned in the lives of those who were about him. Thus he stood the companion of childhood, an element in his life that made him exceptionally strong.

He had written down among his papers, marked in quotations, the following words:

"Home is the resort
Of life, of joy, of peace, and plenty; there,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle with bliss."

Doctor Kephart was a real wit. An element in



Dr. I. L. Kephart and his Intimate Friend, John D. Gill



Editor Kephart's Home in Dayton, 916 N. Main Street.

his soul seemed to see the funny side of life. He was able to turn away from the heaviest discussion, or lay down his pen when he had just finished a laborious editorial task, and in a moment's time be in convulsions of laughter over the recital of some funny incident, either real or imaginary. Cowper says, "Wit now and then, struck smartly, shows a spark." So in his case; every now and then, at unexpected moments, there would come such a keen spark of wit as to almost surprise the listener. It was not uncustomary for him to write many of the amusing incidents which occurred in his early school-days and army life. Doctor Kephart well understood that "wit is the salt of conversation, not the food," and his imagination was so vivid, his imagery so genuine, that he became a faultless storyteller, and hence a most acceptable after-dinner speaker. On one occasion, he used the quotation, "Wit does not take the place of knowledge." It was certainly true in his case that wit never took the place of knowledge, but the combination of the two—wit and knowledge—made him exceptionally strong in the presentation of truth, for there was always a moral connected with his wit, and any narration of an amusing story or incident had application to some vital truth.

One of the strongest traits in the character of Doctor Kephart was his patriotism. He could truthfully quote the words of another, and say, "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union." His heart and his very soul beat with emotions of

patriotism and loyalty. When Lincoln, in that memorable speech, said, "This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, . . . and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth," his words found a perfect echo in the heart of the young, energetic chaplain of the regiment. He did not hesitate to enlist in defense of his country, even in the presence of bright prospects in his ministerial life. If there was one thing that he desired above another, it was that the Government at Washington might stand forever, pure in its administration, the defender of liberty, and the preserver of the homes of the brave.

Doctor Kephart was an independent thinker, and as such was free to express his own opinions upon any subject that might present itself to him. He was not biased by any preconceived notions of education. If he found himself wrong in his previous conclusions, he was willing to make rigid investigation to solve the mystery surrounding him. "Men's thoughts are much according to their inclinations," and, in the case of Doctor Kephart, he was ready to go over the field again and again, if there was any shadow of a doubt in reference to the matter in hand. There was something peculiar about him as he unfolded in mental attainment. His independence in thought caused him to grow, and, as has been said, growing thought makes growing revelations. Thus he stood as one who had come out of a valley into a clear and open plain, and Emerson's words apply to him with special empha-

sis, "Every thought which genius and piety throw into the world alters the world." His characteristics sparkle as diamonds of rare brilliancy, as stars that never will grow dim, the light of which shall shine down through the centuries, and on the heaven side will be strong reflectors of the beauty of the King.

RELATION TO SOCIETY

"The true moral hero is the man who, despite opposition and abuse, goes quietly forward in the discharge of duty."

VIII.

RELATION TO SOCIETY

No one defended the principle of the equality of all men more earnestly than did Doctor Kephart. Birth or position had little or no influence with him. He stood squarely on the assumption that all men were born free and each had a right to a chance in the development of character. The following is a declaration of his own position on the absolute freedom of the individual to determine his own destiny.

"In one important particular God made man the equal of himself. He made him a free moral agent—free to obey the laws of his being and thereby be happy, or to violate those laws and be miserable; and he made him thus free because it was not possible to make the highest form of earthly intelligence without giving him this freedom. Man's freedom is not a universal, but a limited freedom. He is not free to violate the physical and moral laws of his being and remain innocent or exempt from the penalties attached to these laws, but is only free to choose between obeying and being happy and disobeying and being miserable. In this particular he must be perfectly free to choose and act for himself or he is only a machine."

Doctor Kephart did not believe that one man should control another, for he believed, as he said: "God himself does not coerce the human conscience, but allows, as in religious or political tribunal, the right to do so.

A man is rightly amenable to the law for his deeds, but his opinions are his own." Continuing, he said: "Freedom of the will endows man with the power to form and to carry any habit through life and through eternity. He can load himself from the cradle to the grave with all manner of meanness and then pass out into the eternal world, all weighted down with it, or, on the other hand, he can, aided by divine grace, cast off the 'old man with his lust,' and put on a character beautiful and glorious because of his loyalty to the will of God, and carry it with him into the mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

It is true that Doctor Kephart stood firmly upon law as a necessity to human society, to regulate human conduct, but law was not an end, but a means to an end. In giving a definition of "freedom," he said, "Freedom alone affords man room to grow up into, and become worthy of trust and honor." There can be no doubt as to his stand on all sociological lines, being in absolute accord with the teachings of the Word of God. He believed in liberty, but he as sincerely believed in the regulation of human conduct and the placing of limitations about the word "liberty." The following paragraphs show distinctively his belief on that subject:

" 'Liberty' is a many-sided word. Liberty to steal is quite different from liberty to serve God. Liberty to serve my country is one kind of liberty; liberty to destroy it is another. Liberty to labor for and build up the cause of Christ is a noble thing; liberty to divide and destroy the church to gratify selfish ends and unholy ambitions is a kind of liberty that comes

from the devil. All men are entitled to liberty to do right and to enjoy their rights. God gives no man liberty to do wrong."

"Liberty does not mean merely the people's right to strive with each other for material gain or intellectual superiority, nor is it merely the protection of men from each other in social antagonisms; but it means, rather, their right and their freedom to associate with each other in social sacrifice for the good and happiness of others. This is the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free."

"He who pleases to do right has a right to do as he pleases."

"Liberty is a prime condition of true conviction and repentance. He who is not free cannot be guilty; he who is not guilty cannot stand convicted at the bar of his own conscience; he who cannot stand convicted at the bar of his own conscience cannot repent."

While Doctor Kephart held tenaciously for the enforcement of law, no one was more ready to grant to the erring one an opportunity to retrieve his lost estate by turning away from his errors and following that which was good. With him every man was given a chance. Indeed, he was ready to accept the confession of any one who had been a prodigal son and had returned with earnest penitence and confessed his wrongdoing. The following terse statement will show his belief in the liberty of every man to succeed in life: "Looking back at opportunities unimproved and fortunes squandered will not relieve present want nor provide for future necessities. The brave thing to do is to recognize the present, with all its needs and re-

sponsibilities, and, with the face to the future, go to work like a man and do the very best that can be done under the circumstances, and trust God. Also, improving opportunities works wonders in the direction of improving the improver."

In keeping with what has just been said in connection with his belief in the equality of all men and his strong position on law, are his utterances on the subject of slavery. In an article written in 1873, entitled, "The Nation Rushing to Its Red Sea," Doctor Kephart gives a glowing contrast between conditions under Pharaoh and the conditions then obtaining in our Government. After recounting the slavery of the Hebrews in Egypt, he turns to the condition in our own country and says:

"I do not wish to assume the attitude of an alarmist, nor do I wish to 'prophesy evil,' but inspiration says that the blood of the people shall be required at the hands of that watchman who, seeing the sword approaching, fails to give the alarm. It was only when the fathers of the republic had pledged themselves to the grand principle that 'all men are created equal,' that the Ruler of all crowned with success their efforts to establish an independent nation. But shortly after the recognition of the nation's individuality, it proved false to its plighted faith. In an evil hour it yielded to the entreaties and threatenings of Liliputian despots, and there sprang into existence that strongest of all anomalies, the toleration of the blackest system of despotism by a nation claiming to believe that all men are by nature equal. This vile monster, then and there enthroned, gradually increased in influence and power

until, at the end of three-quarters of a century, it had almost complete control of the nation, and four millions of human beings groaned beneath the most crushing and the most hopeless yoke of oppression the world has ever seen. Every man was by the fugitive-slave act constituted a slave-catcher, and all chances of escape were completely cut off. It is not necessary to say that under these circumstances the slaves 'cried mightily to God.' This they did daily; and their groanings ascended to heaven. Jehovah heard, and witnessed the wrongs they suffered; and he commenced to say to the nation through such men as Garrison, Lunday, Lovejoy, and others, 'Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go.' Did the nation obey? Not by any means. The oppressor waxed more abusive and defiant. Not only was the slave more harshly treated, 'compelled to make brick without straw,' but those through whom God was saying, 'Let my people go,' were proscribed, and in some instances, as in the case of E. P. Lovejoy, their blood atoned for their temerity. But the purpose of the Almighty, as in the case of Israel, did not change. The more obstinate the refusal to liberate the slave, the more loudly did the Lord cry through the abolition society, 'Let my people go!' and the positive refusal of the nation to listen to the voice of Jehovah, uttered in this milder manner, compelled him to cry out through the thundering voice of war!

"We all remember how His voice, when first thundered from the guns of Fort Sumter, startled the nation. But even then, instead of the republic consenting at once to comply with God's requirement, instead

of it at once, saying to the slave, 'You are now and shall be forever free,' the great majority, even in the North, said, 'Preserve the Union, but do not free the slaves.' The masses, as if blinded to God's requirements and the nation's best interests, distinctly said, time and again, 'Slavery shall not be abolished.' On account of this obstinacy, what did the Almighty do? As in the case of Pharaoh he sent one plague after another, so with this nation; he sent one defeat after another to our armies, and in this manner brought the nation, after a loss of three hundred thousand lives and three thousand millions of dollars, up to that point where it was willing to say, 'The slaves shall be free.' "

It is interesting to study how his hatred for slavery increased during the years of his life. In poem as well as in prose he set forth his opposition to this evil institution, proclaiming, at every opportunity, his enmity to it.

One of the great elements in his work for the uplift of society was found in his uncompromising opposition to the liquor traffic and his firm, unswerving appeal for temperance. An interesting volume on this subject could be produced from his writings. In an article entitled, "The Yellow Fever and the Whisky Traffic," he says:

"The statistics of the United States will convey to after generations the dreadful fact that during the year 1878 yellow fever killed from ten to twelve thousand of the people of this country—a terrible fact; but they will also declare the fact that whisky in the same year killed not less than sixty thousand of our people, and, in addition to this, burdened the country with fifty

thousand paupers, thirty thousand lunatics and idiots, fifty thousand orphan children, fifty thousand criminals, and the waste of six hundred millions of dollars in money."

His arraignment of the Christian forces of the world is vigorous, for he said: "Now, it is certain that, if all who claim to be Christians would do what is clearly their duty respecting this matter of temperance, and without doing which they have no more right to claim to be Christ's followers than had Judas Iscariot after he had betrayed his Master, this terrible traffic, with all the misery, crime, and death that entails, would be wiped out of existence in less than five years. Nay, more. If all the ministers of the gospel would do their duty in this matter, would regularly, in their pulpit efforts and in private, lay these terrible facts before their congregations; regardless of consequences, would clearly declare God's truth that no drunkard can inherit eternal life, and that all who make drunkards and those who claim to be Christians and do not do all in their power to prevent boys and men from becoming drunkards; who do not strive to hedge up their way to this terrible fate; who do not, by precept, by example, and by seeking to unhitch this damnable traffic, exert themselves to redeem the land from its bleeding curse, are unworthy the name of Christians and are sure to sink finally into a lower hell than that to which the poor drunkard is doomed. Were the preachers of the gospel to persist in declaring this great truth, the land would be redeemed in less than five years." Is it any wonder that, in the political contest that obtained during the years of Doctor Kephart's career as editor of

the Religious Telescope, he should become the champion, irrespective of political affiliation, of the men who stood square on the temperance question, who were ready to support it in legislature, or in the office of governor, or as representative in the House of Congress?

Doctor Kephart said that, at the surrender of Lee, he vowed in the presence of the debauching conduct of an officer, a solemn oath that he would never support any man who, directly or indirectly, favored the liquor traffic or who was addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. This solemn oath he faithfully kept until the day of his death. No one could read his own sad experience, given in another chapter, where a companion met death because of the use of liquor, and wonder at his utter hatred of the traffic.

There could be no compromising on his part with such a great evil. In an article on "Whisky, Murder, and Life Insurance," he starts with the striking declaration:

"Old Charley Drews declared that Brant's Whisky brought him to the gallows. This is the same old story repeated. Whisky brought Nimrod Spattinhuber to the gallows in Lebanon last July, for he was drunk when he killed Ivison. Whisky brought to the gallows Drews, the once-honored, brave color-bearer of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, and a comrade in crime, young Frank Stichler. Brant's whisky-shop and dancing-floor were the head center where they met to drink, carouse, concoct crimes of theft and robbery, and from them each sallied forth to perpetrate the crimes they had planned."

Even in this day, when the temperance sentiment has wonderfully increased to the point of prohibition in many States and the constantly-increasing sentiment in others, it would be well for us to study the little article published by Doctor Kephart many years ago on the subject, "Temperance Work a Work of Faith":

"All work in the direction of the overthrow of national and social evils, and the lifting of human society into a higher plane of life, morally, must necessarily be, largely, a work of faith. Hence, the temperance work is largely a work of faith. Encouragement to work and the assurance that the work must be successful does not come from the smiles and assurance of sympathy from the masses, but from a deep-seated conviction that the work is in the direction of the best interests of humanity; that the work is needed to relieve man of a great wrong, to lift from his shoulders a grievous curse that is crushing his hopes, blighting his prospects, and preventing his march to a higher social, moral, and intellectual life—in a word, that it is God's work. It is from this conviction that all earnest temperance workers derive their inspiration and their assurance of the final triumph of their cause. It was from this conviction that the abolitionists derived their inspiration all through the terrible anti-slavery struggle. Their work was one of faith. They believed that their work was in the interests of humanity, and, consequently, God's work. That belief was a part—a very important part—of their life. It cheered, stimulated, and directed them in their darkest days; and, aided by its invincible inspiration, they pushed their work to complete victory.

“So it must and will be with the temperance workers. The enemy they assail—the liquor traffic—is the enemy of humanity, the enemy of God, and the most formidable ally of the devil. Of this they are assured by a deep-seated conviction, and they devote themselves to the work with the devotion of the martyrs of old, assured by their faith that their cause must triumph, though they do not live to see it. Like Garrison, they are in earnest, and they will be heard; and let not the advocates of, and the apologists for the rum traffic delude themselves with the hope that this ‘freak of fanaticism,’ as they are pleased to style the temperance movement, will soon blow over, for it will not. The work is a work of faith; it is God’s work; and the omnipotent God is behind it, ready and pledged to carry it to a triumphant issue, just as he is to carry all great movements in the direction of the best interests of humanity.

“This faith of the temperance workers all over this land is the most hopeful feature of the work. Their confidence is in God and active, intelligently-directed work. They practically show their faith by their works. They seek to do duty and leave the consequences with God. With the earnest prayer of faith from all over this country, they are besieging his throne; ‘and will he not avenge his own elect, who cry unto him day and night?’ ‘I tell you, he will avenge them speedily.’ The prayers for the overthrow of the traffic, for the salvation of poor drunkards, and especially the agonizing prayers of poor wives and mothers whose husbands and sons are being ruined by this traffic—these prayers must and will be answered. The

slave power did totter and fall before the faith and prayers, and earnest work of such men as Birney, Hopper, and Garrison; and so must the liquor traffic fall before the prayers, faith, and works of the earnest temperance workers. What is needed is more faith, more prayer, and more work. So many who would rejoice at the overthrow of the traffic have no faith. Their language is, 'You cannot overthrow it; as long as there is money in it, and men have appetites for it, it will be made, sold, and drunk.' They forget that God is pledged to its overthrow. Their arguments and despondency were equally applicable to the slave power; but it was overthrown. Let all friends of the cause believe, pray, work, and vote for prohibition, and it must and will come."

In the political contest that obtained in the State of Ohio in 1906, when the temperance issue was so decidedly drawn in the selection of a governor, Doctor Kephart, while a Republican in politics, gave earnest support to the Democratic nominee for governor, Hon. J. M. Pattison, who was elected by a splendid majority of sixty thousand. The Religious Telescope, under the editorship of Doctor Kephart, was one of the great factors in this splendid temperance victory. He urged our people everywhere throughout the commonwealth of Ohio to support the Democratic nominee. This he did with so much vigor that some of the members of the United Brethren Church, who were politically inclined to the Republican Party, found considerable fault with him because of his radical stand at this time. But his heart was so aglow with the thought of protecting the homes of the commonwealth of Ohio and

closing the rumshops, so that the boys of our State would not be lured into the ways of sin, that, disregarding his usual attitude of neutrality on political questions, he plunged into the campaign with the energy of a splendid leader, accomplishing much in the winning of the great victory that obtained for the cause of temperance that year.

The death of Governor Pattison seemed to him always to be a calamity, but he accorded to his successor, Governor Harris, who stood firmly by the temperance cause, his undivided support. While his death occurred only a few weeks before the election of 1908, he was intensely interested in the reelection of Governor Harris, and even planned, in the last days of his illness, that he might register in order that he could, if living on election day and able, cast his vote in favor of the man who had so faithfully taken the place of Governor Pattison in the work of temperance in our commonwealth. It was not a sentiment; it was not a fanaticism; it was a principle that actuated Doctor Kephart in his attitude toward the accursed and damnable traffic. Words cannot portray the feeling of his soul as he prayed for the temperance cause, and as he labored for the overthrow of the liquor traffic. Thus he stood, a strong defender of everything that is represented in purity and social life. So earnest was he in his opposition to political impurity, municipal graft, national treason, that his outspoken words on this subject are memorable.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

“Good humor is the snow on the hill that makes the coast-
ing sled of life slide glibly.”

IX.

RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

IN BEGINNING this chapter it is but fitting that Doctor Kephart's own words give expression to his thought in reference to his relation to God. He said: "God is interested in everything that concerns us, just as the mother is interested in everything that affects the welfare of her children. Our God is a living God; he is the source and sustainer of life; he is the source whence flow the living waters; he satisfies the longing soul. An intense heart-longing for soul purity is one of the conditions on which God grants the blessing of perfect love, of holiness, of sanctification. Without that longing that blessing cannot be secured."

He had reached the place in Christian experience where he had no doubts. Standing as one who had completed the circle of his reason in reference to his soul life, he found refuge by faith in the atoning blood of the Lamb of God, and was willing to rest everything on him. He once said:

"Doubting God is believing the devil. Doubts are dispelled by fixing the mind on Christ, the friend of sinners. Doubts, if not driven away, develop into positive unbelief.

"To have doubts and fight against them is very different from having doubts and fighting for them. The former experience and effort bring the doubter out into the clear sunlight of a soul-satisfying belief; the latter

leads him down into the murky, misty gloom of a confirmed, soul-chilling unbelief. The honest man abandons his doubt as soon as he reaches a point where he sees that there exists no valid reason for his doubt. It may take some time for him to reach that point, but he earnestly fights against his doubt with a desire to reach the point of belief until his doubts are swept away, or until they are confirmed into honest belief."

Convinced of his position, he was willing to stand or fall by his faith in the truths of Christianity. Is it any wonder, then, that he should leave for record, to be read after his death, that marvelous statement: "I have tried to live a Christian life. I die the Christian's death—a sinner saved by grace through faith in Jesus Christ, the Divine Son of God"?

He was logical in reference to all these things. His religion was not a sentiment, but was based upon the fundamental truths of God. He believed in God; one that he could not comprehend. He did not assume to understand God, for he wrote: "Finite man with his finite mind can no more comprehend God in all his omnipotence, omniscience, and omnipresence than he can put his finite arms around the world, pick it up, and walk off with it."

He did not deal with puzzling problems. He dismissed them, as is seen by the following paragraph:

"Some want to perplex themselves with such questions as: 'How could God create something out of nothing?' 'How long did God exist alone before he created anything?' 'How can God be self-existent?' 'Would God continue to be our God if he were to commit sin?' 'How could God become man and die on

the cross?' etc. All such questions are vain and unprofitable, and those who ask them would do well to remember that the finite mind can no more comprehend the infinite God than a man pick the earth up in his hands, or reach out and grasp the moon and use it for a football. In all such cases contented ignorance is better than presumptuous knowledge."

It was his delight to say: "Honest thinking is a necessary condition in order to arrive at the truth. All other requisites will fail if this be wanting. Thoughts not supported by honesty of purpose may be earnest, skillful, and, to some, convincing, but the results are only sophisms." So clear was his conception of the value of truth that he wrote the following:

"Truth is a magnificent thing—so magnificent that to die for it is a privilege. But a still more magnificent thing is the fact that behind all truth there stands the Infinite God, giving to all truth and grandeur, a value."

"Again: "Absolute truth exists, but all man's attempts at expressing absolute truth are more or less marred by that imperfection which attaches to all human effort."

Doctor Kephart accepted the truth of the gospel and made it a part of his life. His sermon on "The Authenticity of the Scriptures," from the text (Romans 1:20), "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse," is a masterful presentation of his conception of the truth of the Word of God. In this sermon he clearly sets forth the views of many of the great men of the world in reference to

the Bible. He thus emphasizes his position in reference to the Word. While this sermon was written in 1879, it was the fundamental belief of his entire life, and in it he successfully refutes Huxley, Haeckel, and Vogt in their materialistic beliefs in reference to the Bible. Quoting his own words from this sermon, in reference to the statements of the Bible, he said: "The doctrine that they are a revelation of God's will to man is not a chimera of the brain, but a truth founded upon the facts of science; a truth corroborated by the phenomena of nature; a truth in harmony with sound philosophy, reason, and science, all united in declaring that those sacred pages that reveal the man, the blessed Christ, the divine Redeemer, are not cunningly-devised fables, but that they are as much the preachers of the God of nature as are the stars of the firmament, the trees of the forest, the cattle on a thousand hills, and even man himself."

Doctor Kephart did not quibble. He did not have time to ask foolish questions. If there was a question (and there often was) in his mind, it was a reasonable question that affected the destiny of his soul and related to the conduct of his life, or he dismissed it at once. This made him peculiar in relation to his surroundings—unwilling to doubt unless there was reason for doubting; and, in the presence of the doubt, he would always set about to clear the mystery in order that there might not be any uncertainty. He would not tolerate the man who was simply asking questions for questions' sake. He was ready sometimes to "answer the fool according to his question," for he did not believe it was profitable to himself or to the questioner to

enter into an argument where there was lacking the sincerity that would carry with it conviction as to conduct in the individual life.

He accepted the fact of mystery in everything about him, but was ready to defend the doctrine of progress in the constitution of man, believing that God had created him in such a manner as to be capable of progress in unfolding in knowledge and truth. He readily accepted in all of his teachings the words of Browne, who said, "The whole creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man"; and while he thus accepted this peculiar mystery surrounding his own being, he never failed to find a secure refuge in the revelation of God as given in his Word; and like Cowper:

"'T is revelation that satisfies all doubts,
Explains all mysteries except her own,
And so illuminates the path of life
That fools discover it and stray no more."

As an evidence of his greatness of mind, Doctor Kephart was ready to admit that there were many things that he did not know, and upon these subjects that were as yet still mysteries to him he did not presume to speak with authority, but considered them as uncertain and unexplained things that were yet to have investigation and revelation.

As he grew in knowledge, he gave expression on lines of thought that were in his younger days mysteries to him. So careful and guarded was he in all that he said on every line of thought where there was not the fullest revelation, that one is impressed with his constant desire not to offend the great Spirit of revelation that is to lead us into all truth, even the Spirit of God.

It was Carlyle who wrote: "That great mystery of Time, were there no other; the illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called 'Time,' rolling, rushing on, swift silent, like the all-embracing ocean tide on which we and all the universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions, which are and then are not; this is forever very literally a miracle, a thing to strike us dumb—for we have no word to speak about it."

Thus our hero, amid the struggles of human life, when the unseen seemed to press in upon him, when the unknown seemed to be present, stood ready to exclaim, in the words of scripture: "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known."

Quoting Doctor Kephart's own words: "He who is willing to receive each day what God would teach him, stands every morning on the threshold of new revelations in his spiritual life." So closely identified with this truth just stated was his belief in the personality of God and his uncompromising faith in the Trinity, that I am led to again quote from Cowper:

"Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste his works.
Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Then thou shalt be instructed; and thine heart
Made pure shall relish, with divine delight
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought."

In his declaration of belief, Doctor Kephart said: "Philosophy and science can neither prove nor disprove the personality of the deity; but the sacred Scriptures declare it, and the human soul recognizes the truth." There is found in this utterance, his position in refer-

ence to the deity. In an editorial published in October, 1906, he says: "The oneness of God and of Christ is to finite mind an unfathomable mystery. As such it was recognized by the Apostle Paul. He wrote: 'Without controversy great is the mystery of godliness. God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.' But there are many mysterious things that are not unbelievable. This fact is universally recognized by scientists. The nature, the 'what is it?' of electricity is as yet an unfathomable mystery, but its existence and power are universally believed, and it is being wonderfully utilized for the benefit of man. Not to believe a thing because you cannot understand it is to write yourself down as a stupid ignoramus. Who understands the mysterious processes of digestion and assimilation? Who knows the how or why of growth of hair on the ox, wool on the sheep, and feathers on the goose, when all of them feed of the same grass in the same pasture-field? We do not know the how or why of chemical affinity and cohesive attraction, yet we all believe in the existence of quartz, crystal, and rocks. Just how Christ could be the God who created all things and how he who from everlasting to everlasting is God, could be the Babe of Bethlehem, we do not know and we cannot understand, but true Christians all believe it. In this great mystery, the Rev. J. D. Herron recently gave expression in an address in the following wholesome words: 'A little girl whom I was preparing for confirmation once asked me, "Jesus is the same as God, isn't he?" The question could have but one answer, and that in the affirmative, since we are

taught to say of him that he is God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God. How the Lord Jesus Christ and the great Creator of the universe who sent him into the world could be one, and not simply one in thought and purpose, but one thing, as the neuter gender of the Greek word expresses it, the early Christians did not stop to inquire. As true scientists they accepted a proved fact without attempting to understand it. Do you doubt that this was the true scientific position? Then let me prove it by pointing out to you what was probably the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century—the X-Ray. The great scientist who discovered it was too modest to presume upon an explanation and too busy to attempt one, so he simply labeled the ray with the letter “X,” using the algebraic symbol of the unknown quantity, and as no amount of incredulity can set aside a fact of science, so no amount of infidelity can set aside the fact of the redemption of the world by the death and resurrection of the Son of man. There are persons who love darkness rather than light. There are anarchists and outlaws in God’s kingdom as well as in the kingdom of man.’ In reference to the virgin birth, Doctor Herron said: ‘It was miraculous because it is beyond all human power. To deny the miraculous is to deny God, and I need not repeat what the psalmist calls the man who says, “There is no God.” ’ ”

I quote also from an editorial in the *Telescope* of January 19, 1907, where, under the title, “Christ’s Divinity—Some Thoughts for Present-Day Consideration,” Doctor Kephart gives utterance to his position on the divinity of Jesus Christ. In the presence of this

statement there can be no question as to his attitude on this great doctrine of the Church:

"The divinity of Christ is a fundamental doctrine of orthodox Christianity. It is devoutly believed and taught by all the great branches of the Christian church. Their superior activity in erecting church-edifices, in organizing societies, and especially in sending missionaries to all parts of heathendom, is chiefly due to their profound belief that Jesus Christ was and is really 'God manifest in the flesh.' If any dispute this, let them cast about and see for themselves what the church that denies Christ's divinity is doing in the way of missionary work, either home or foreign.

"And yet it must be conceded that there are some very able, candid men, men of rare culture and admirable intellectual ability, who believe and teach that Jesus was only an extraordinary man, and not the divine Son of God—not 'one with the Father.' Their candor, moral integrity, and intellectual ability command respect, and consequently others, who take not the trouble to investigate and test for themselves, fall in with the same form of unbelief. This makes it all the more important that some proofs of Christ's divinity be set forth from time to time in current religious publications. At this writing the purpose is to give, without elaboration, a few of those proofs.

"CHRIST DECLARED HIMSELF DIVINE.

"When Peter, in answer to the question, 'Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am?' replied, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God,' Jesus endorsed the statement as correct by pronouncing a

blessing upon Peter, declaring, 'My Father who is in heaven hath revealed it unto you.' Would or could he have said that, had he been only a man? Would a good man so cruelly deceive his few devout followers by claiming to be what he was not?

"Then, too, look how he applies the personal pronoun to himself. In the Sermon on the Mount he uses the authoritative declaration, 'I say unto you,' thirteen times. In addition to this we have the following: 'I came not to call the righteous, but sinners'; 'I came not to send peace, but a sword'; 'I will give you rest'; 'I am meek and lowly in heart'; 'I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven'; 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world'; 'I and my Father are one'; 'I am the bread of life'; 'I am the way, the truth, and the life'; 'I am the door of the sheep'; 'I am the Good Shepherd'; 'I lay down my life for my sheep'; 'I have power to lay it down, and power to take it again'; 'I am the vine, ye are the branches'; 'I give unto them eternal life'; 'I am the resurrection and the life'; 'I will give you rest'; 'I am the light of the world'; 'I go to prepare a place for you'; 'I will come again and receive you unto myself.'

"Think of any mere man, such as Luther or Calvin or Wesley, thus using the pronoun 'I' in declaring himself and his abilities! How supremely, repulsively egotistic it would sound! Ah, it will not do. As George H. S. Wendling, in a lecture, once said in our hearing, 'Christ was either the divine Son of God, as he himself claimed to be, or he was the greatest egotist and the most successful deceiver that ever assumed to teach.'

“Think, also, of a mere man saying, ‘Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest,’ or, ‘If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it,’ or, ‘All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth,’ or, ‘Ye believe in God, believe also in me,’ or, ‘He that hath seen me hath seen the Father.’ Could a mere self-deceived man speak such words? Compare them with the most notable expressions of the great philosophers and the founders of false religions—Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Plato, and Mahomet, and how transcendently they loom up with a divine effulgence in the comparison.”

In the Telescope of March, 1907, Doctor Kephart quotes the words of Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage on, “The Revelation That Jesus is the Christ of God,” thus making it his own as it relates to his faith in the atoning power of the divine Christ as he wrought out salvation for the race.

“Nor is Paul the only man who has had this revelation of Jesus Christ. Scores and scores of eminent Christians have had it. Luther had it, and Wesley had it, and Finney had it, and Thomas Chalmers had it, and John Bunyan had it, and John Newton had it. They have had it in the same way as many of us have had it. The greatest trouble with many of us in Christian work is that we are not obedient to the heavenly vision. We do not say with Paul, ‘God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ.’ We are trying to teach men lessons for this life, but we do not emphasize and keep reemphasizing the essential doctrine that through the blood of Jesus and in no other way can we be truly cleansed of our sins. We

have had this revelation come to us, but we have been pushing it more and more into the background of our lives."

Naturally we turn away from the consideration of the divinity of Christ to Doctor Kephart's idea of the Fatherhood of God as being above and over all the universe, and I quote his words in the following paragraph: "The fatherhood of God and the sovereignty of God are identical. God created man because of his fatherhood, and he is man's rightful Lord and sovereign because of his fatherhood—that is, because of the paternal relation he sustains to man. His rightful sovereignty over man springs out of the fact that he is man's Creator, his Father, his loving Parent, who kindly rules man for man's own good, as a kind, earthly father rules his children for their good—not for his own personal gratification."

In this is clearly set forth his conception of God's tenderness toward his children, and often in his editorials he set forth the abounding love of God as a Father willing to meet his erring children and lift them up, for Doctor Kephart believed with another, who said:

"To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all."

Thus he found the majesty and the mercy of God as binding all mankind into one complete family, in which each is connected to him through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ by faith in his death and sufferings, making each one who enters into this family equal each with the other. God was not to him an



Arrival of Funeral Cortege at First United Brethren Church.



Scene at the Grave in Beautiful Woodland Cemetery Overlooking Dayton.

austere ruler, who would mete out justice simply, but who would in tenderness and in love forgive and forget the waywardness of his children. But while this was true, Doctor Kephart also believed in retribution for sin, and in a strong article, written many years ago, he set forth without qualification his faith in the punishment of the evil-doer, for he laid special stress upon the Word of God where it says, "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap." To him there was no question but that the destiny of the soul was determined by conduct in its acceptance or rejection of salvation through Jesus Christ. He never modified his belief in the teaching of the Word that those who disobey God shall be banished from his presence and suffer in punishment. While he was progressive in his thinking and a critic of language and style, and ready to consider any suggestion as to a clearer interpretation of the Word of God, yet he would never allow a destructive critic to take from beneath his feet the adamant rock on which all of its religious belief rested—the infallible truth of the Scriptures.

Because of his religious beliefs he was able in the closing years of his life to look by faith into the future and to forecast coming events in his own life. Those who have read his utterances in the past few years must have recognized the fact that he saw the shadows gathering and recognized the setting of the sun of his earthly pilgrimage, and as he came nearer the borderland it was an easy task for him to arrange all of his affairs as one about to take a journey. On the earth side he gave expression as to his wishes in connection with his funeral and burial service, leaving a written

program with all the details for that last event of respect to his memory. On the heaven side the vision was so very clear and his desire to enter into that life beyond was so pronounced that there was never a cloud present to mar the spiritual vision as he looked toward the city of God in which a mansion had already been prepared for him.

What a fitting sequel to a life of faith in God the Father, in Jesus Christ, in the Holy Spirit the Comforter. For in the Triune Deity he placed the destiny of his soul, resting secure in the thought and in the belief that death was but an exit from this life and an opening door into everlasting life with Jesus Christ.

This chapter can have no more fitting closing than his poem, "My Rest":

"I rest, O God, upon thy Word,
To it I go. Full well I know,
Though hell assail, it will not fail
The contrite soul. It maketh whole
The wounded heart, and doth impart
'Mid joy or strife, eternal life
To him whose trust—firm, faithful, just—
Is in that Word—Redeemer, Lord.
He is the Word, and its record
Once writ or spoken, cannot be broken.
So there I rest, comforted, blest.
Sure is my hope. I do not grope
In doubt and fear. That Word doth cheer
My life's pathway, by night and day.
'T will brighter grow, as on I go,
Till by and by, beyond the sky,
That hope will in fruition die."

HIS OWN WRITINGS

“Glory is grace come to perfection. The promise of the Lord is that he ‘will give grace and glory: and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.’”

X.

HIS OWN WRITINGS

POEMS

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

Upon the mountain's western steep,
Far out among the pines,
Where winter's blast was wont to sweep
O'er hills and dark ravines;

Where rolls Moshannon's sparkling stream,
And Clearfield's waters glide;
Where sylvan gods were wont to dream
Beneath the hemlock's shade;

There, 'mong those wild, wild mountain glens
Where roamed the fox and deer,
Where wolf and bear within their dens
Were neither wild nor rare—

There, years ago, my father reared
His cabin, rude and plain;
And, toiling hard, he slowly cleared
The land, a home to gain.

That spot, where once my parents toiled,—
Where first I saw the light,—
Than all besides on earth to me,
'T is precious in my sight.

True, it can't boast of mansions fine,
Nor fruitful, fertile fields;
No gardens rich with jessamine,—
No luscious fruit it yields.

A plain old barren heath it seems,
Where weeds and cinquefoil grow;
But, oh, old home of childhood's dreams,
I can but love you so!

Thy every spot is dear to me,
For father's, mother's sake;
I would again return to thee,
And youth's fond pleasures seek.

Since there I bid them all adieu,
So many years gone by,
Dear mother, father, brothers, too,
Life's active ways to try.

I've wandered far and much I've learned
Of all this world can give
In pleasures, honor, toil, and pain—
Of what it is to live.

And this I've learned—the happiest days
I've seen on earth below
Were those I spent in childish plays
Before I'd learned to know

What 't is to struggle with the world,
To brave its toil and strife,—
Ah, when a child, by mother's side,
How happy then was life.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

Out of the grave of silence
Wet with the rain of tears,
Cometh a voice to greet me—
The voice of love to my ears.

A voice that is not forgotten—
Yet over the bridge of time
It comes like the far-off sweetness
Of a distant church-bell's chime.

And I know as I hear its accents
Fall on my ear to-day,
That the love of the past is constant
In the soul that has flown away.

And with it there comes a comfort
That soothes the aching breast;
For Christ o'er death has triumphed,
And the dead in the Lord are blest.

And the voice breathes hope for the living—
It whispers of joys to come—
Of loved meeting loved up in heaven,
When the Lord calls the laborers home.

MY MA AN' ME.

My ma's as sweet as sweet can be;
She takes me right up on her knee,
An' hugs an' kisses me to death—
Or almost takes away my breath.
'Nen I kiss her an' hug her neck,
An' she pats me right on my cheek,
An' I pat her an' say, "Yum, yum,"
An' she calls me her 'ittle chum;
An' so you see,
My ma an' me
Has jist the bestest times, complete,
Because she is so very sweet.

'Nen I get tired an' sleepy, too,
An' ma she takes an' leads me through
The dinin'-room, an' up the stair,
An' hears me say my 'ittle prayer,—
"Dear Lord, bless me, an' pa, an' ma,
An' keep us safe as safe can be."
An' tucks me in my crib so neat,
An' says, "Good-night, my 'ittle sweet."
An' nen, all night,
Till broad daylight,

I sleep an' snore, and snore an' sleep,
While angels safely us do keep.
 An' so you see,
 My ma an' me
 Is just as happy
 As we can be.

WHEN I WAS A BOY.

Ah! oft in my thoughts do I wander
 Away to the dear forest home,
Far off in the pine-covered mountains,
 Where the cabin stood silent and lone;
And I think, with a heartache pathetic,
 Of the home circle, rustic and fair,
That there, 'mid the wildest surroundings,
 Dwelt cosy, contented, and poor.

'T was a paradise, now as I see it,
 Compared with the city's uproar;
Its dearth of ambition and fashion,
 At this distance, seems heaven—yea, more.
Humility, kindness, and courage,
 Contentment, and industry, too;
Hope, trust in the world's great Redeemer,
 Thrilled each heart every morning anew.

To master the toils and privations
 Which a pioneer's life then imposed,
While the health which the mountain breeze wafted
 On the brow of each member reposed.
So in thought I go back to that cabin,
 That clearing, that forest, that farm
Where father and mother and children
 Dwelt contented—oblivious of harm.

And as memory retouches the picture,
 And contrasts it with life of to-day—
With the hurry, the rush, and the clatter,
 On the road thus far down life's way,

My heart often yearns for the quiet,
The peace, the contentment, the joy
Of the life that I lived in that cabin
Back yonder when I was a boy.
September, 1899.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

The modern woman? Yes, I've seen her,
In the summer, in the winter—
Found her solemn, found her cheerful,
Sometimes hopeful, sometimes fearful,
Sometimes sharing joys with glad ones,
Sometimes sorrowing with sad ones;
Now some needy one she's soothing,
Now some greedy one reproving;
Now her humble home adorning
With her love each night and morning;
With her bright, sweet spirit cheering
The unfortunate and fearing;
Carefully her children training,
And their wayward steps restraining;
Doing all without complaining;
From moroseness glad refraining.
This, this is the modern woman,
Noble, loving, and a true one;
Not a dainty, helpless creature,
Wan in face and false in feature,
But, in truth, man's real helpmeet,
Stronger, courageous, gentle, sweet,
To her home God's greatest treasure,
Source of bliss, and joy forever.
January, 1898.

WHERE DOES MY LOVED ONE DWELL?

Speak, speak, ye twinkling stars of night,
Where does my loved one dwell?
Help me to trace by faith her flight,
My heartaches now dispel.

Her body lies within the tomb,
But where's her thinking self
Which, once so mirthful, cheered our home—
A winsome, loving elf?

It beamed so loving from her eyes,
It spoke in sweetest tones;
Dwells it with you beyond the skies,
Where sorrow never comes?

Oh, speak, ye clouds, ye winds, ye stars,
My question answer now,
Tell me how now my loved one fares;
Where dwells she now, and how?

Her personality, I know,
Forever must endure,
Made up of purity and love—
Gems of most brilliant hue.

But clouds, and winds, and stars speak not;
Their flights, and blasts, and light
In metaphor but seem to say,
"Wait; day succeeds each night.

"For you will come, in God's good time,
An endless, glorious day;
Then, swathed in joy and bliss sublime,
You'll walk the golden way

"With her, of New Jerusalem—
With her converse and sing—
Then she God's mystery of love
To you will there explain.

"So cease thy questionings, nor fret;
Believe, hope, trust, and wait;
She'll meet you when life's sun has set
At the bright, golden gate."

NOT REALLY POOR.

'T is not the little I possess
With poverty does me distress;
This everlasting wanting more—
This poverty I do deplore.
Oh, could I ever be content
With what I have, as Heaven sent—
Content to toil and to enjoy
What Heaven sends; my time employ
In getting good and doing good;
Nor worry, lest for want of food
A score or two of future years
Shall find me hungry and in tears!
Why not my Heavenly Father trust,
The all-providing One and just?
Will he who notes the sparrow's fall
Heed not his helpless children's call?
Away, black doubt! Away, distrust!
The Lord's my life! I'm rich! I'll trust!

MY BOY, BE TRUE.

Come near, my dear boy, sit down by my side;
Let us talk a few moments—of my life you're the pride,
Your face is so hopeful, you're eye is so blue,
So heed what I say, To your conscience
Be true.

The world is before you. 'T is not a bad world
For some. They go smoothly with sails all unfurled
Adown their life's voyage. Whatever they do,
Just mind what I say, To your parents
Be true.

Your life will be sometimes uphill and then down;
You may live in the country or live in the town—
No matter just where, what troubles go through,
This one thing will pay, To your neighbors
Be true.

Perchance you may prosper—accumulate pelf,
Get married, grow famous, and roll in your wealth;
But, despite earthly riches, this one thing I know,
To be happy you must to your own wife
Be true.

You may turn your attention to affairs of the state,
Receive the applause of the good and the great;
But mind what I tell you, 'mid all this ado,
Forget not your God; to your Savior
Be true.

For the time is fast coming to all of us when
The judgment will sit, and I'm very sure then
This one thing most comfort will be unto you—
To know that to God you have ever
Been true.

“MY TIMES ARE IN HIS HAND.”

The hours alone belong to God;
A few he kindly lends to me;
But lest I thoughtless, wasteful be,
Nor heed his guiding, gentle rod,
Only a minute at a time,
In wisdom, wonderful, sublime,
Most patiently, and kind does he
Deal out my sojourn time to me.

Swiftly they fly, 't is true, I know,
And life at longest here below
Is but a span, a breath, a sigh,
Compared with God's eternity.
But minutes, dealt one at a time,
Enough for years threescore and ten,
Run up to millions. How much, then,
Of time's swift flight should we complain?

Ah, God is good. Well does he choose
To deal out time for us to use
In portions small, so well he knows,
When goodness precious gifts bestows
In great abundance, men oft choose
His bounties reckless to abuse.

Hence, speed on, time. Your wildest flight
But speeds me on to heaven's delight,
That blest abode—perpetual light,
Where time's no more in sight or flight,
Where one eternity of love,
Peace, happiness, and joy above,
For the redeemed shall e'er prevail.
So, blest eternity, all hail!

May, 1898.

WE PLEAD FOR MEN TO LEAD.

O God, we plead
For men to lead
In these portentous times—
Men, noble and true,
Unselfish, who
Have not been smirched with crimes;

Men who won't heed
The voice of greed,
But true to duty stand,
Daring to be
Firm, honest, free,
Heeding but God's command;

Men who won't truckle,
Nor cringe, nor knuckle,
To capital and pelf,
Nor right betray,
Nor justice slay
To serve and pamper self;

Men who can see
What ought to be,
And seeing, can advocate—
Who understand
The time's demand,
And then can legislate.

Lord, give such men
Just now. And then,
If comes the worst, we're sure
With thee as King,
We'll shout and sing
Our liberty's secure.

ITS CAUSE.

The life of man is but a span—
A bird of night of swiftest flight,
A bird of day that sings its lay,
That greets its mate, then meets its fate—
Enjoying pleasure, hoarding treasure—
New ventures trying, then fading, dying!
But what's its cause? That gives us pause!
A thought so great compels debate.
Somehow, somewhere, here, yonder, there,
Beginning was, and had its cause.
A mighty Hand creation's wand,
In wisdom, grace, waved over space!
A sleepless Eye, since then, sees why
From pole to pole the seasons roll,
Knows very well the weary spell
Of human life—probation's strife.
Yes, why, He knows, life comes and goes—
Why man should be—his destiny—
All, all is known to the Existing One.

1897.

LIFE—WHAT IS IT?

A life on earth! What is it, tell me, pray?
A ding-dong hustle all the livelong day;
Care, toil, distraction, sorrow, joy;
Man, woman, baby, girl, or boy;
Necessities' perplexing, pressing claims;
Fashion harassing grave and anxious dames,
Demands of business rushing busy men;
The thirst for pleasure burning in your bosom when
Stern duty shouts imperative, Deny thyself!—
A tear, a prayer, a rush for sordid pelf;
A high resolve—a yielding to temptation's power;
A fortune swept away in one short hour;
Failing of strength, a funeral dirge, a grave,
From which no power on earth the rich or poor can save!
And is this life on earth? It is, unless
You anchor high your hopes, and strive to bless
The world by living joyfully a life of self-denial,
Braving the world's cold scorn, enduring calmly sorest trial—
A life that looks to Christ for joys that are to be
In a blest home of human immortality!

1897.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!
A year overflowing with health and good cheer;
 With mercies all crowded,
 With ills unbeckoned,
 With life's path never drear,
 But of sorrow swept clear;
Yes, we wish to you all such a Happy New Year!

A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!
Would you have it, my friends? Then be sure you steer clear
 Of evil's infection,
 Of the wine cup's seduction,
 Of the infidel's sneer,
 And the hypocrite's tear,
And to you this will be a Happy New Year!

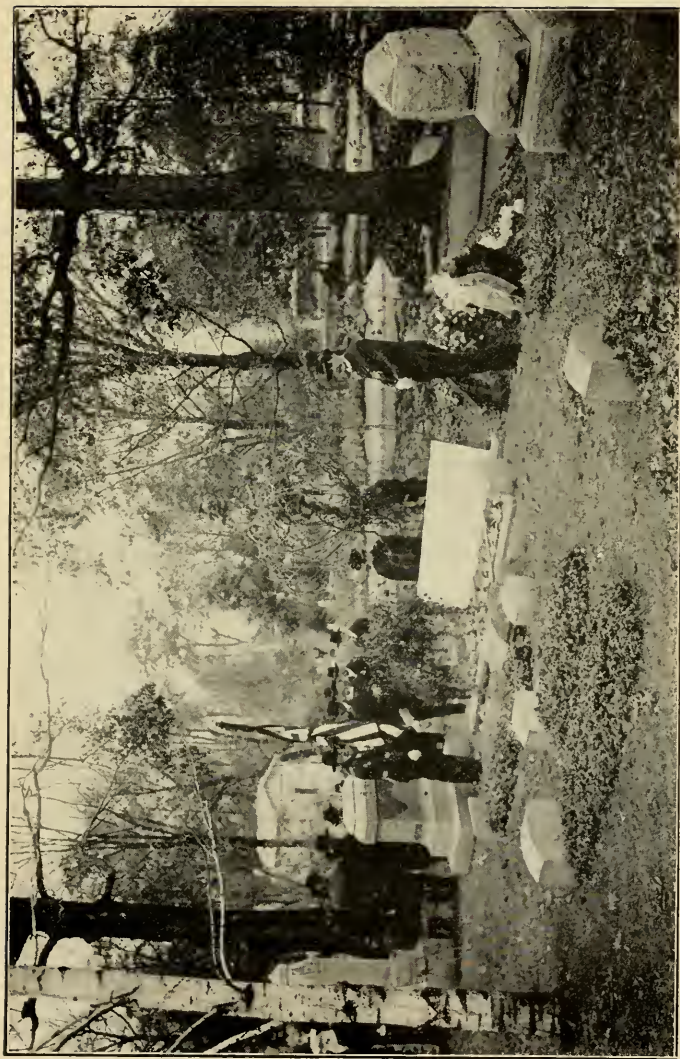
A Happy New Year! A Happy New Year!
Would you have it throughout bright, full of good cheer?
Give your heart to the Lord,
Feast your soul on his Word,
Your conscience keep clear,
God, the Mighty One, fear,
And then yours will be a most Happy New Year.
December 28, 1898.

WORDS.

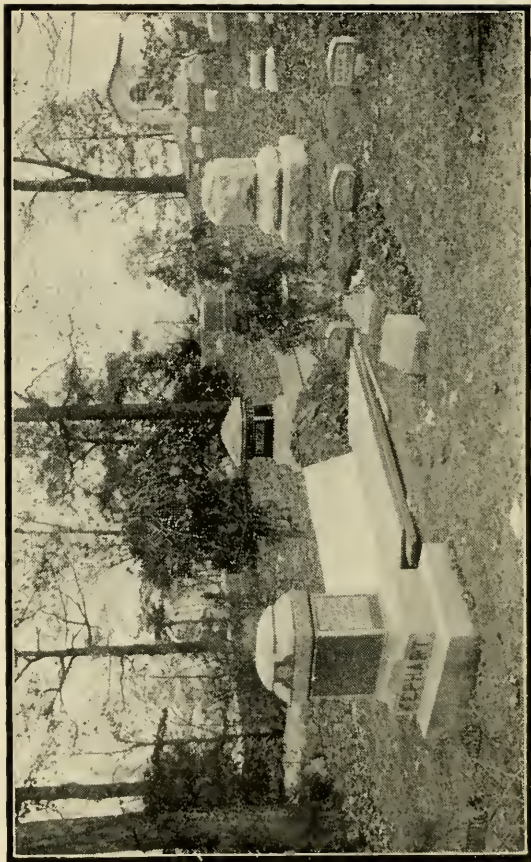
Words are but words. Yet if through them are breathed
A soul's pure, noble thought and love's supreme,
True blessing, then it is that words become
The richest, rarest jewels radiant
That can be set in mortal diadem.
With thoughtful care choose, then, your words. Make them
The vehicles of wisdom, truth, and love
To be—of sentiments which turn the thoughts
Of all who hear or read to noble deeds—
To contemplate God's kindly providence,
To hope for better, nobler things to come—
To high resolves and firm belief of what,
Within the reach of possibility,
There is of good for man to be attained.
So speak, so write; nor in vain speech indulge.
Then shall thy words, like jewels in thy coronet
Of everlasting righteousness, shine forth
For evermore; nor thou, crestfallen, stand
Before the Lord account to give "for vain
And idle words," when he shall judge the world.
1897.

SAVE ME NOW.

I am thine, my dear Redeemer—
Thou hast bought me with thy blood;
Safe within thy arms I'd linger,
Sweetly trusting in thy love.



*Where Editor I. L. Kephart Lies Buried, under Drooping Shrub he himself Planted.
G. A. R. Comrades in View*



*The Tomb of Dr. Kephart in Woodland Cemetery, with the Tree
Which he Planted in 1896 in View*

CHORUS.

Save me now, save me now—
Jesus, Master, save me now;
Safe within thy arms I'd linger;
Jesus, Master, save me now.

I have roamed, a homeless orphan,
Ragged, hungry, thirsty, poor,
With no friend my soul to comfort,
Begging, sad, from door to door.

CHORUS.

Save me now, save me now—
Jesus, Master, save me now;
With no friend my soul to comfort,
Jesus, Master, save me now.

Oh! I lean upon thy bosom—
There alone I feel secure;
Other refuge gives no comfort;
In thy arms my peace is pure.

CHORUS.

Save me now, save me now—
Jesus, Master, save me now;
Other refuge gives no comfort;
Jesus, Master, save me now.
September, 1895.

HUMOROUS

PAT BRADY'S COGITATIONS.—NO. I.

Mickey, Mickey, sure an' it's meself that has been cogitatin'. Ye see, for the life o' me, I never could undershtand why the horrens should grow on the cows' heads and on the roosters' legs. Troth, an' it's said that nater makes no mistakes; and I thought sure an' here is one mistake for Misther Nater, any way, till one day I caught a biddy, an' the ould

rooster jumped right onto me back and struck two holes into me shoulders as clane as ye could have done it wid a pitchfork. Thin, said I, sure an' nater is right ag'in; for whin the rooster leaped upon me back, his whole weight was there to shove in the horrens. But, Mickey, did ye iver see one of thim queer burred they have in America, called a torkey-pin? Ye see, it is all the same as torkey, only they put "pin" to his name, beca'se his feathers are all sharp at one end, and are set wid the sharp end out, the same as pins. Well, would ye belave me for a murderin' son o' ould Erin, but when ye come near the crather, he will not run at all; but jist double himself into a hape an' draw in his head as if he had cramp colic, an' thin the divil himself couldn't touch him widout havin' half a hundred or more of thim sharp feathers run into his fingers. Now, sure as I'm a born sinner, every word I'm a tellin' ye is as true as gospel; and although I've bin a cogitatin' for years, I cannot, for the life o' me, see the use sich feathers are to sich a burred, unless it is to jag yer fingers if ye go to pick it up.

An' thin, Mickey, they have another queer burred in America. They call it the horrinet; an' sure an' he can horn it, for sartin', an' no mistake. He is not big, but he is mighty, you better believe. He is only about the size o' yer thumb nail, but whin he shtrikes ye, ye think he weiglis a ton. Unlike all other burred I've seen, he has one horren, an' while the cow wears her horrens on her head, an' the rooster his on his legs, this burred wears his right in the end o' his tail, an' seems all the time to have it surcharged wid jusht one drop o' the quintessence o' fire an' brimstone, which he niver fails to leave wid ye if he strikes ye. Och, the Lored pity me, but I shall niver forgit till the day o' me death, the time I run into a flock o' these murderin' craters. It was soon after I landid in America, an' I was a walkin' through the bush a cogitatin', wid me shelalah in me hand, whin, all of a sudden, I heard a hummin' noise about me head, an' quick as thought I prepared to parry blows wid me shelalah, whin, holy Saint Patrick! if they didn't shtrike me wid their horrins all around me head, in me face an' on me nose, an' I, blind wid pain, dropped me shelalah an' rushed through the bush into the road, an' run for dare life, until I met a kind sort o' man, an' he told me that I had shtirred up a horrinets' nest, and I told him I thought so, too. He took me to his

house, and was kind to me, an' for three days I niver seed the sun in the heavens nor any other man, so tight were me eyes shwelled up; an' for a whole week me nose was four times as big as any Irishman's nose ought to be.

Well, Mickey, from that blessed day, I've been a cogitatin', an' for the life o' me, I cannot see what thim horrinet burred was made for, anyhow. They might do to help the divil to punish heretics; but, then, it seems to me their place would be in purgatory an' not in this blessed wurld. But sure, Mickey, we cannot know everything; an' why bodder our brains about such questions? It's meself what thinks as how we'd better take the horrinet burred as a fact, and be careful to keep out o' their way, rather than be a dramin' over why they were made an' walk right in among them to be shtung widin a inch o' our lives.

So, Mickey, after much experience an' deep cogitatin', I conclude that it is better to look sharp about ye an' keep out o' the way o' the divil's traps, rather thin, wid yer eyes shet, and yer brain busy in tryin' to tell why he was allowed to set thim traps, walk right into thim and be cotched. To meself, it niver mattered mutch as to how or why the praties grow'd; but I allus was mighty anxshus to be sartin' they were a growin'; an' consequently, I'se allus had praties enough to ate, an' a few to shpare. But there's Tim O'Shannon, I've seen him a shtandin' around for days at a time, wid his hands in his pockets, a cogitatin' as to how and why praties grow, an' niver doin' a blessid hand's turn to make any grow, an' I've niver know'd the day whin Tim had praties enough of his own to ate.

So, Mickey, cogitatin' is good in its place; but for makin' praties grow an' keepin' out o' the way o' horrinet burred, give me honest work an' a sharp lookout.

PAT BRADY'S COGITATIONS.—NO. II.

Mickey, me bye, now mind what I tell ye, an' don't ye forgit it. There is some cogitatin' as is profitable, an' some as is not worth a sint. Now, it is the wise man as can discern between profitable and unprofitable cogitatin'. For meself, I must confess I've spent much time in unprofitable cogitatin';

but I don't do it any more. For instance, it was for a long time, a matter of great concern to me why ould Brindle would niver kick till the pail was more 'n half full of milk; but now I niver cogitates over that same thing at all, at all, for it is sumthin' no mortal man can iver find out; an' what's the use a botherin' about it. Only keep a sharp lookout that Brindle don't upset the pail or git her foot into it. That's the p'int as needs watchin'.

An' thin, Mickey, fwat's the use in cogitatin' as to fwlat you'd do wid one million dollars, if ye had thim, whin the good Lorred himself knows as yez are no more likely to iver have that much money thin ould Brindle is to climb backwards up a tree and find her calf in a crow's nest. Better be a shtirrin' of yerself and a tryin' to honestly earn one dollar, thin be a drammin' over the nice things ye'ud buy if ye had a million.

But, Mickey, there are some things in this blissed America about which I can't for the life o' me help a cogitatin', even whin I know very well that it won't do one bit o' good. For instance: I cannot till this blissed day undershtand why the court should license men of good moral character, like Mike Malooney (but it's meself as cannot see where the "good moral character" is in Mike) to sell the manest rotgut whisky ye iver drank, an' make poor divils like yerself drunk, an' thin that same court send you to jail for bein' drunk! Surely, if it's a crime to git drunk, men of good moral character shouldn't be licensed to tempt poor divils, sich as we are, to drink mane, rotgut whisky. An' thin, Mickey, why should they tempt a poor bye, like yerself, to tell a lie to git a drink o' whisky, an' thin sind him thirty days to jail for tellin' that same lie. Sure an' they have some strange laws in this blissed Amerike! It's meself that can't help a cogitatin' over them.

A REJECTED LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

I sot me down in thought profound,
 This maxim wise I drew;
 It's easier for to luv a gal
 Than maik a gal luv you.
 (That's what pains me now.)

Now little Cupid, god of luv,
I'm sorrowful, yea, sad;
If I could maik that gal luv me,
I'd be most mighty glad.
(You bet your life I would.)

I've tried my smiles, I've tried my cash,
But all to no avail;
Last night she flung me all to smash,
Because I tramped her trail.
(An accident—the trail was so confounded
long—but she got madder 'n blazes.)

I give it up, 't is of no use;
Gals are confounded nice,
But if you maik a small mistake,
They'll fling you in a trice.
(That's the way she served me—she did.)

I loved that gal, indeed I did,
And felt so very glad;
By accident I tramped her trail,
And she got ravin' mad.
(And she called me an old clod-hopper, and
said I might go to the dickens. That
curdled my blood. I sweat. I've felt
bad ever since.)

A NEGRO'S EXPERIENCE WITH BEES AS GIVEN BY HIMSELF.

In Camp Stevenson, front of Petersburg, Virginia, on a certain evening in December, 1864, any one standing outside the tent of the chaplain of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania Cavalry and listening, might have heard the following narrated to the chaplain with pure negro enthusiasm by the colonel's servant, who gave his age as forty-nine years and his name as "Ruffin Nathaniel Seagen Short," with considerable emphasis on "Short":

"My ole mistress lived on de ole plantation five miles souf of Reams Station. When Massa Wilson's cavalry passed through dar, de Yankees hitch dar hosses to de fence, hump over in de ya'd, tu'n up de bee-boxes, put in dar hands, take out de honey in big chunks, git on dar horses eatin' honey, laffin' and talkin' all de time, and ride off, de bees a-flyin' all around and nevah stung um onst.

"When de Yankees war all done gone, t'inks I, if de Yanks can git honey and de bees no sting um, dis nigga can do so, too. So I jis' goes to de fence, jumps over it, walks rite up, bold like, to de bee-boxes, all black wid bees, and stoops down to put my hand in like the Yanks had done. Ungh! Lo'd-a-massa! jis' 'peared to me dat dat minute every last bee left dat box and flewed rite into my face; Lo'd! I runned my head into a little peach-tree an' shook um off; I tumbled heels ovah head in de grass, an' I was suah dey kill dis nigga afoa he ever git out of dat ya'd. Lo'd-a-massa! nevah was stung so in my life. Since den I no do much wid bees."

CONUNDRUM.

Take away my first and I am cold.

Take away my second and I am sold.

Take away my first and second and you make me old.

Take away my first and fourth and you make me a fish.

Take away my second and fourth and you make me a sod.

Take away my second and fifth and you make me a note in music.

Now if my name I have not told,

You need not grumble, scowl, nor scold.

And if my name you cannot guess,

I'll scold you for your stupidity.

A LETTER ON HOUSE-CLEANING.

DEAR MR. AND MRS. D.: We have had an awful time, but we still survive. We were struck by a hurricane, a cyclone, and a tornado all at once. It commenced in the attic; it

swept through the halls; it roared and raged through the chambers, parlor, sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen, and ended in the cellar! Furniture was flung on heaps in every direction! Carpets were torn up and whirled out into the yard! Clouds upon clouds of dust filled the air, and torrents of soap-suds drenched every nook and corner in the entire ranch! Brooms, mops, and whitewash brushes swung in every direction, and if ever a poor mortal felt that he had no place to lay or poke his head for safety, it was your humble servant at this time!

My better one-half was ubiquitous. She seemed to be in the attic, in the chambers, in the parlor, kitchen, and cellar all at the same time, directing the hired help, doing a little of everything, but especially bossing, praising, and scolding me. Poor me! I was the most frightened, forlorn, submissive, not-knowing-what-to-do, God-forsaken man you ever saw in all your life. Ordered, praised, directed, and made fun of by three women at the same time, all of whom I was vainly striving to please, and prominent among them was my own better nine-tenths, is it any wonder that I felt like a stray dog with a tin pan tied to his tail?

Did I swear? Not a bit of it. No amount of swearing could have begun to do the subject justice. I shook carpet till my shoulders ached; I whipped carpet till my arms were sore for a week, only to be told by my better nineteen-twentieths that it was half done! I lifted beds, bureaus, book-cases, sinks, cupboards, heaters, and stoves until my back was almost broke! I was so long on my knees (not praying, for prayer would not reach the case) tacking down carpet that for nearly a week each knee felt as if it were afflicted with one of Josh Billings' "biles." At night I would retire to my couch (hastily and temporarily thrown together), not to sleep, for I was too tired to do that, but to muse over the woes and miseries to which we poor men are subjected at house-cleaning time, and to thank a merciful Providence for having ordained that the calamity shall not strike us oftener than twice a year.

Well, it is over, and my better forty-nine-fiftieths is as happy as a cricket again. She says it was just a splendid time; that we had such good weather; that the hired help did so well; that the whitewashing is excellent, and that, in spite of my awkwardness, I did almost as well as I had ever done before. Of course, I am glad she is pleased and happy,

but for three mortal days I have been vainly striving to ascertain whether the bit of praise she gives me is really a compliment or not. Can you tell? But I guess it is all right. You know women have such a queer way of expressing themselves. But, in spite of myself, it does creep up my back that she might have been a little more definite in saying that I had done first rate. You know we men like to be praised, too.

Well, my chief consolation now is that there are at least five long months between us and another house-cleaning; and if, when that time comes, I am not away from home for a week on very important business, you may put me down for an idiot. But come to see us now, soon, while the house is clean. You will find my better ninety-nine-one-hundredths in a splendid humor—provided you come before the house gets dirty.

A LITTLE DECEPTION AND HOW IT ENDED.

Years ago there lived, in rather affluent circumstances, an aged pair, in one of the rural districts of Pennsylvania. Their only child, a lass of twenty-five summers, contributed greatly to the peace and joy of their declining days. The father was content. He had an abundance of this world's goods, both for himself, his wife, and daughter; and the assurance that he should leave his daughter an estate that would place her quite beyond the reach of want was to him a source of complete satisfaction. Not so with the mother, however. In her maternal eyes, lands and money were all well enough, and if, in addition to these, she could see her Betsey Jane properly married, then she would feel ready to close her eyes in peace upon the vanities of this world.

Unfortunately, however, Betsey Jane was not very prepossessing in her personal appearance, and besides this, as if to still further diminish her chances in the matrimonial market, she was "near-sighted." This being generally known, it was sufficient to blight all prospects of her securing a beau among the young men of the neighborhood in which she lived. However, fortune seemed to favor the family at last, by bringing to their district a young and apparently somewhat susceptible pedagogue.

Enoch Smith, learning that Betsey Jane was sole heir to the valuable estate of Jonathan Burgundy, suddenly became a great admirer of her, and although his days were occupied in "wielding the birch and teaching the young idea how to shoot," many of his evenings were spent at the house of Mr. Burgundy, in company with that gentleman's daughter. Now Enoch was a very proper young man. He wore a moustache, flourished a cane, and smoked cigars; and besides this, he was the schoolmaster, and quite a scholar at that. Hence it is not at all surprising that both Mother Burgundy and Betsey Jane were highly pleased with his attentions, and did all they could, consistent with the rules of propriety, to encourage his visits. Things went on very prosperously and agreeably to all parties for a time; but, alas, "true love never did run smooth," nor was it to do so in this case. Some of the young misses of the district, envying Betsey Jane her good luck, resolved to demolish at once all her air castles by informing Enoch that she was near-sighted. The news was stunning in its effect on him, and overwhelmed him with perplexity. He did not like to miss such a grand prize as was presented in the valuable estate of Jonathan Burgundy, nor could he brook the idea of being bound for life to a near-sighted woman. In this state of perplexity, he, like an honest lover, sought an early interview with his espoused, and at once unburdened his mind to her. She, of course, denied the charge outright, and assured him that it was all the result of jealousy upon the part of the girls. This seemed so reasonable that he was quite satisfied and left for school with a light heart. That day Betsey Jane, like a dutiful child, informed her mother of what had passed between her and Enoch at their last interview. The far-seeing old lady, at once comprehending the situation, said: "We can easily fix that. You see this spot on the floor here, Betsey Jane. Now the next evening that Enoch is here, you lay a pin on this spot, and then when the candle is burning dim and Enoch and the old man are busy talking, you say all at once, 'Why, mother, there lies a pin,' and then jump up and bring it to me, and he will then know to a certainty that your eyes are good." Matters were all arranged. The candle was burning dimly on the table. The old man and Enoch were discussing the probabilities of an early spring. The old lady sat knitting; her white cap and carefully-adjusted spectacles giving

her the very appearance of innocence and motherly kindness. Betsey Jane, with blushing modesty, sat paring and snitting apples. The fire was burning gently on the hearth, and kitty was purring by the old lady's side. All at once, so naturally and so unintentionally, Betsey Jane exclaims, "Why, mother, there lays a pin."

"Where?" says the old lady.

"Why, over there by the wall. Don't you see it?"

"Why, no," exclaims the mother, "I can't see it."

"Why, I do," says Betsey, and with that she springs to her feet, trips across the floor and brings the pin in triumph to her mother.

It had worked like a charm, and all lingering doubts as to the acuteness of Betsey's vision were now completely eradicated from Enoch's mind. Now he was certain that it was a false report, the product of the jealousy of those envious schoolgirls.

The night wore away, and the hands of the mantel clock now indicated the time when sensible old folks retire and leave young folks to themselves. Enoch and the old man closed their discussion. The old lady had laid aside her knitting and turned her chair to the fire. Betsey Jane, slightly embarrassed, as timid young ladies will be at such a time, sat gazing into the fire and wondering why "dad and mam" did not go to bed. The candle was burning quite dimly on the table, on which, unfortunately, had been left a large white pitcher, which, at a distance and to a near-sighted person, looked exactly like a large white tom cat that frequented the apartments. Suddenly the keen eye of Betsey Jane caught sight of the pitcher, and at once supposing it to be the cat, and being shocked at the thought of Enoch seeing kitty so much out of his place, stamped her foot and exclaimed, "Scat! scat!"

The cat apparently paying no attention to her voice, she sprang to her feet, and before her terrified mother could interfere, ran to the table and struck the, as she supposed, cat a violent blow with her open hand, which sent the large pitcher into fragments to the farther side of the room. It is sufficient to add that Enoch Smith did not marry Betsey Jane Burgundy.

TO CURE A BUNION.

Soak the bunion
In the juice of an onion,
And tuck yourself snug into bed;
Then rise at day dawn,
Walk forth on the lawn,
And bathe it anew
In the sparkling dew
Till it blushes a neat, pinky red.

Then tenderly dress it—
But never compress it—
Run barefoot the livelong day,
And treat that same bunion
With the juice of an onion
Each night, and each morn
With the dew of the lawn,
In exactly the selfsame way.

Then each night before sleeping,
Rub gently, repeating,
Onion,
Bunion,
Dewdrop,
Do stop
All this hurting;
And I promise
In the presence
Of high heaven,
You, my bunion,
With juice of onion
Ne'er to dress you,
Nor compress you.

PIOUS, ECCENTRIC, AND PUGILISTIC.

Forty years ago, in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, Dennis C. and Benjamin L. lived neighbors to each other. They were both enthusiastic members of the church. C. was a

six-footer of powerful frame and muscle. L. was small and lean, but wiry. C. was deliberate and positive in his manner. L. was impulsive, fiery, and violent. Both were as original and eccentric in their manners as it was possible for men to be—genuine “backwoodsmen,” and withal very faithful in attending all the regular church meetings. Being neighbors to each other, all those little neighborly courtesies common among pioneers passed between them, unless the flow of “the milk of human kindness” was interrupted by some trifling misunderstanding. Unfortunately this was often the case—in fact, it could not be otherwise. Two men so odd and peculiar in their views and manners, so very jealous of their rights and opinions, and associating together so frequently, could not but disagree often. When they were on friendly terms they could not be kind enough to each other, and when they had a petty disagreement they were very bitter. However, their wrath being intense, it soon consumed itself, and Brother C. and Brother L. were soon reconciled to each other again.

When the members of the church of the neighborhood assembled for prayer and experience meetings, these two brothers were sure to be present, and C. was much given to making long prayers. A peculiarity of his prayers that rendered them doubly interesting to gossipers was the fact that he was always very particular to tell “the Lord” all about his troubles. If he and neighbor L. had recently had a little wrangle, in his prayer he would go through all the particulars, presenting all to “the Lord,” and in that way lay the whole matter before the neighbors. This peculiarity of C.’s prayers often rendered them very annoying to L., and had much to do in the way of restraining his impulsive nature and causing him, as far as possible, to avoid a “set-to” with C. He very much disliked having all the neighbors know every time he and C. had a little quarrel.

One day C.’s hogs broke into L.’s buckwheat patch. L. immediately set upon them with his two big dogs, which gave the swine a severe shaking and set their ears to bleeding, and sent them home at as high a rate of speed as that with which the herd of Gadara ran down into the sea. When the dignified, deliberate C. saw his five shoats walking around holding their heads to one side and their ears all blood, he “felt very much hurt,” and concluded to walk over and see

Brother L. about it. He found him in his buckwheat patch, trying to repair the damage done by the hogs, and in no amiable mood. Each portrayed his grievance to the other, C. dwelling with force upon the injury inflicted on the hogs, and L. on the damage done to the buckwheat, and each asserting to the other in loud, positive words that the man who would do such a thing could not be a Christian, no matter what his profession might be. In this way they parted, both angry.

This was on Wednesday, and on the following Sabbath the prayer- and class-meeting was to be held at the house of Brother W. L. frequently thought of the trouble, and was most annoyed at the assurance that in his prayer C. would tell all his neighbors that they had had another quarrel, and that he (L.) had "dogged" his (C.'s) hogs. The more he thought of this the more anxious he became to effect a reconciliation, and thereby avoid exposure. Hence, on Saturday evening he concluded to act the part of a brother, walk over to C.'s, and, if possible, be reconciled to him, and thereby avoid exposure. He did so. C. at first was very stiff and sullen, but as soon as he found that L. was in a friendly, yielding mood and anxious to reconcile their difficulty, he became ecstatic and began to "thank the good Lord" that they could meet as "brethren," reconcile their troubles, and thereby avoid bringing scandal on the church. The whole difficulty was amicably settled and both were happy; but L. was very particular to insist upon it that there be nothing said in any way or at any place by which the neighbors might learn that they had had any trouble. This being distinctly understood, L. went home feeling very thankful that the good Lord had put it into his head to go and see Brother C., and had enabled them to so completely settle their difficulty. Sabbath morning came, and both went to prayer-meeting, C. feeling happy that he and Brother L. had so completely triumphed over the devil and settled their trouble, and L. feeling so glad that the matter was not to be exposed in C.'s long prayer. All went well for a time. The meeting was well attended, and there was unusual good feeling. Finally the leader called on C. to pray. He started in deliberately, as was his wont, and with unusual unction. But he had not proceeded far when he had to begin to praise the Lord for enabling him and Brother L. to triumph over the devil and

settle their recent difficulty, and from that proceeded to enlarge, giving particulars. This was too much for the impulsive L., and springing to his feet and throwing off his coat, he ran out of the house yelling at the top of his voice: "Fetch him out; fetch him out! I'll lick him like a hound pup!"

Of course this broke up the meeting, and it was some time before the brethren succeeded in soothing the ruffled feelings of Brother L. This, however, was accomplished at last, and Brother C. very humbly deplored having permitted his feelings to run away with his memory as that he should make such a grave mistake. Peace being restored, the meeting dispersed, and C. walked home quite deliberately, thanking "the good Lord" as he went that, in spite of it all, they had completely whipped the devil and he and Brother L. were still friends.

November 14, 1879.

MISCELLANEOUS

PROVERBS.

He who possesses a pure spirit and a grateful heart must ever be happy, in defiance of place or circumstances.

The *real* man is a man of independent thought; the *wooden* man agrees with you in everything.

He who diligently elevates his aims, cultivates his tastes, and associates with men of high endowments will be esteemed and honored by the wise and virtuous.

Evil thoughts are man's worst enemies; they should be sought for and expelled from the heart, just like pioneers hunt and destroy noxious animals.

He who aims to make himself known and felt for good can but be happy.

Expect not too much from gay associates; they may show favors, but the real advancement of your own interests depends, and must ever depend, upon your own diligent, personal efforts.

The energetic, the enterprising, and not the over-refined are the successful in useful pursuits.

Every man has a mind of his own, and is accountable for his belief.

Prejudice and bigotry are prison bars to improvement, from which every soul desirous of being known and felt for good should ever keep free.

He who would accomplish the mighty work of living *well* and *truly* must preserve a proper balance of the physical, intellectual, and moral parts of his being.

A few words, the utterance of true and elevated feelings, produce lasting emotions in the hearts of others; while trifling expressions, the more their number are increased, the more deep and lasting the disgust they excite.

It matters not how much we affect to be true men,—how many artificial airs we may put on,—our true character will be known by others. The only successful course is to be a true man. Let the actions be in harmony with the feelings and sentiments.

There can be no perfect life without a due cultivation of the spiritual nature.

THE END OF EDUCATION.

The end of education is the solution of the problem of human life. The problem of human life is happiness. True happiness—the complete satisfaction of mind and soul thirst—is salvation. Salvation is character. Therefore, the end of education is human character—true, clean, upright, intelligent human beings.

Character is what a man is—what his education, his environment, and his effort have made him. When the child is born it knows nothing—has no character. It is only possessed of a few of the instincts common to animal life. All else has to be learned. Hence, it has to be, will be, must be educated; and by its education, active and passive, the distinctive quality of its character will be determined. Therefore, the end of education is the formation of a correct—that is, the best kind of character possible. When such is formed, the individual is saved. Prior to this he may be pressing toward that high mark, or he may be the passive creature of circumstances, or he may be sweeping in the direction of all that is vile—that is, of hell.

Man is a triune being. His personality is made up of a physical, an intellectual, and a moral nature—body, mind, and spirit. His character can be the highest only when his threefold being exists harmoniously—the body healthy; the mind active, strong, stored with knowledge; the soul acquainted with God and in cheerful submission to the divine will. Such a state is salvation. To be in such a state is to be in possession of a well-rounded character—to be happy in the truest sense. James Russell Lowell, contemplating such a state, wrote:

"For this true nobleness I seek in vain,
 In woman and in man I find it not;
 I almost weary of my earthly lot,
 My lifespings were dried up with burning pain.
 Thou find'st it not? I pray thee look again,
 Look inward, through the depths of thine own soul.
 How is it with thee? Art thou sound and whole?
 Doth narrow search show thee no earthly stain?
 Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
 In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
 Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
 Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
 Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
 And thou wilt nevermore be sad and lone."

He who is the embodiment of such a character has attained the end of education. By passing through the triune educational process, he has been lifted up out of the lower animal life, and placed upon the higher plane of moral, spiritual being. Thus elevated and ennobled, he can but be happy. Like Paul and Silas, he can sing and be joyful in a dungeon. You could not make him miserable if you were to shut him up in perdition, for, in the language of John Milton:

"The mind is its own place,
 And in itself can make a heaven of hell,
 A hell of heaven."

The road to this lofty end of education lies across deserts and over mountain summits. To travel that road successfully, the body must be cared for. The ignorance and passion that obstruct proper physical development and destroy health of body must be avoided. The intellectual struggles essential to mental growth and strength must be welcomed and prose-

cuted to a finish. Above all, the voice of the divine Master-Teacher must be heeded, for he only has marked out the path that leads to the inestimable prize of true soul-culture, without which there is no complete salvation—without which character in its highest sense can never be attained.

To walk this highway through life requires effort. The world's Redeemer has provided the facilities and affords the opportunities; but each one *for himself* must act well his part if he would attain to the high destiny placed within his reach. This is at once conceded in matters pertaining to material things. He who would reap must sow. It is as readily granted in regard to the development of the mind. He who would understand the higher mathematics must solve the problems which lie in the path that leads up to that plane of knowledge.

It is equally true in all that pertains to the culture of the soul—to salvation in the highest sense. Effort, change in character is essential to this. A mob may free a prisoner, but no mob can make guilty men innocent. Only a true knowledge of Jesus Christ as the world's Redeemer can accomplish this supernatural feat. But he who would thus know Christ and his salvation must seek him while he may be found; must call upon him while he is near; must improve his spiritual opportunity.

In short, in the whole of this threefold educational process, leading up to the highest character and perfect happiness, there is involved opportunity, with the obligation to improve the same. Success here, as in material things, hinges upon aptness to perceive and alertness to improve opportunity; and happy is that teacher who possesses the genius to inspire his pupils intensely in this direction. And happy are those young people, also, who are so fortunate as to have their lots cast in Christian colleges—colleges which set before them these high ideals of human existence, and in which the instructors are wont to point them to the Man of Nazareth as the infallible Teacher in all things that pertain to true manhood, genuine soul-culture, and complete salvation. In this regard, the students of United Brethren colleges can point to their *almæ matres* with a just pride.

It is here freely admitted that the college course is not alone in determining the student's character. There are many other agencies and forces that affect them favorably

or otherwise. But if we take two young men who have grown up under similar conditions, and subject the one to the influence of a Christian college, and the other to the worldly influence of a rationalistic university, the chances are nine to ten that the one young man will come out equipped for usefulness, and the other lacking in this direction, *his character deficient in the things essential to true happiness.*

I close, then, as I began: The end of education is the solution of the problem of human life. The problem of human life is happiness. True happiness is salvation. Salvation is character. Therefore, the end of education is character,—true, clean, upright, intellectual, Christlike,—and the Christian college is a potent factor in developing and perfecting such a character.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON, WESTFIELD COLLEGE.
June 10, 1888.

Text, I. Timothy 6: 12.

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called, and hast professed a good profession before many witnesses."

Faith, effort—these are the forces that move the world. It has been so in all the past, it is so now, it will be so in all time to come. Vigorous effort, intelligently directed and sustained by a firm faith, is more than a match for any foe. This is the conclusion of reason, of observation, of philosophy. No faith, no effort; no effort, no success. Paul was both a logician and a philosopher. As a logician, he had a keen sense of the importance to Timothy (who was then a *young man*) of vigorous effort, inspired by a firm faith; and this was intensified by his philosophic insight into the nature of things. Hence his admonition, "*Fight the good fight of faith.*"

To fight signifies, primarily, either to assail a foe or to repel an assault. It is to engage in, and carry on a conflict. In its nature it may be merely physical, as when brutes contend for the mastery; or it may be intellectual, as when opponents measure their strength in a forensic encounter in the forum; or it may be both intellectual and moral, as when

the champion of truth and right, inspired by a firm faith *in*, and an ardent love *for* these principles, risks his all in advocating their claims or repelling their assailants. It is in this last, this noblest sphere of conflict, that the world has exhibited some of the most sublime examples of human daring and fidelity—Socrates before his judges, Regulus in his reply to the Carthaginian embassy, the apostles and Christian martyrs dying ignominiously for their fidelity to Christ, Luther before the Diet of Worms exclaiming, "Here I take my stand; I cannot do otherwise, and may God help."

Human battles, whether by armies or by individuals, whether offensive or defensive, imply effort intelligently directed, and are based upon a conviction that there is a chance to win; and in proportion as the combatant's faith is *strong*, believes that his cause is just; that he of right ought to succeed; that his fight is, in the true sense, a *good* one, in that proportion is his strength augmented and are his chances to win increased. Hence the *importance* of faith.

In its most comprehensive sense, faith is credit given to a declaration or promise, founded on the authority or reputation of the one who makes the promise. It is, also, confidence or assurance of success, founded upon an intelligent comprehension of the plans adopted and our ability and determination to execute them. "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," was but a laconic expression of the great commander's faith.

But the faith referred to in the text is peculiar, special. It is faith in Christ as the Savior, the Redeemer, the God-man. As such it combines assent with reliance, belief with trust. It is unwavering confidence in Christ as being all that he is represented to be in the gospel—confidence in the gospel plan as being the very best, the only plan for saving the world.

The apostle not only here recognizes faith as the essential basis of successful effort in Christ's service, but throughout his writings he invariably designates it as the chief element in a well-rounded Christian character, that element which ultimates in a complete surrender of the heart and mind to the controlling, molding power of the gospel, from a conviction of its high claims and of its meeting the longings and felt wants of the soul.

It is the heart's giving its complete consent to the terms of salvation, and its readiness to meet all the conditions of

growth and service toward a complete transformation of the affections within and the life without.

In the absence of such a faith, there is no foundation on which to build a character that will stand the test of trial. He who would be successful in business must have confidence in his plans and his ability to execute them. He who would rise as a scholar must have confidence in his own abilities and in the unerring certainty with which diligence leads to success. He who would come to the front in his profession must be inspired by a firm conviction that honest methods and earnest, efficient toil are sure to win in the end. These qualities of mind and soul impart to their possessor a strong, manly, courageous character, because they give to him assurance of that certainty and uniformity in the operations of nature which conspire to make faithful toil satisfactory and remunerative.

On the other hand, there is a certain lack of confidence—a distrust springing naturally out of conscious lack of qualification, out of idleness, carelessness, and dishonesty which leads as unerringly to but partial success, and more frequently to complete failure, as does gravity draw the plunging, foaming waters over the precipice at Niagara.

In the trades and in the professions, courage and confidence are essential to success; and a consciousness of honest methods, intelligent plans, and energetic efforts are the necessary foundations of this courage and confidence. This may not be so evident when all is prosperous; but let adversity set in, let disaster and ruin threaten, and then he who lacks these essentials will lose his courage and confidence, yield to the surging tide and go down a wreck, while he whose assurance has for its foundation these essential convictions will keep his head above the storm and wrench victory out of the very jaws of defeat. Hence, to all my young friends present here this morning, I would say, impressively: Do you desire to be successful in your worldly enterprises—in life? If so, you must have *faith*; and you cannot have a persistent, triumphant faith without a foundation for it to rest upon; and the solid rocks out of which such a foundation is constructed are, first, that thorough qualification which is only secured by diligent preparation, hard study, earnest, persistent work; second, an intelligent comprehension of the work in hand, a knowledge of the means necessary to succeed and a

diligent use of those means. You must recognize the fact that, other things being equal, that worker succeeds best who puts the most *brains* into his work; third, honesty of purpose. These are the great foundation-stones of a truly successful earthly career. Remember that success in life is not a haphazard affair. It obeys the law of cause and effect as truly as does the rise of the tides and the whirling of the spheres, and its essential element is a well-founded faith. Ah, there is a strength and power of endurance in the conviction: My plans are intelligently formed, my efforts are all that they should be, my purposes are honest, and my motives are pure. That possesses all the characteristics of omnipotence. We find in these the original elements out of which the world's triumphant heroes are made.

So in religious matters. That genuine faith which has Christ for its foundation, lifts the soul above the discouragements which, but for that faith, would overwhelm it. Faith in God and the efficiency of divine grace; faith in the certainty of the divine promises, such as "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," "My grace is sufficient for thee"; faith in the better life which faith unfolds; faith in the final, complete triumph of virtue; faith which says, "*Right must win, since God is God*"—this faith is the vital element that gives power and energy and consistency to all that goes to make up a perfectly rounded and symmetrical Christian development.

But in both Christian life and business pursuits the essentials of a triumphant faith are philosophically the same; namely, thorough investigation, thorough qualification, thorough effect. In any and all worldly pursuits,—farming, merchandising, the mechanic arts, the professions,—only he who so gives his mind to his work as to know that he thoroughly understands it, has so applied himself that he is sure that he knows how to *do* the work, and then, at the proper time, vigorously applies himself to the work, only such a one can have a solid assurance of success.

The intelligent farmer *believes* that he shall succeed because he knows that he is faithfully doing his work. The intelligent mechanic expects to succeed because he has mastered his trade and has the will to work at it. The professional man—the physician, the lawyer, the teacher, the preacher—believes that he shall succeed because he has thoroughly

qualified himself for his work; and his faith having this firm foundation, this assurance of qualification, it is to him a motive power that moves him incessantly, irresistibly forward, and he fights the fight of faith and fights it successfully, for God is ever on the side of thorough qualification and earnest, honest effort. Just as the steam in the locomotive not only propels the engine along the track, but enables it to draw the ponderous train, so the faith which rests on these foundation-stones drives its possessor through life, enabling him to meet successfully life's responsibilities.

This is equally true in religion. Saving faith in the Lord Jesus Christ cannot be attained without thought and effort. If we would know God, we must inquire after him. If we would know "the doctrine," so as to believe it, we must do his will. Christ says, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7:17). This is an invariable law of acquiring knowledge. We learn to know by doing, and knowing is believing.

The intelligent man looks around and sees all nature teeming with life, and all life evincing intelligence and design. He, reflecting, says to himself: "Surely this is not the result of chance. Chance never made the eye and adapted it to light; chance never made the ear and adapted it to sound; chance never made the lungs and adapted them to air; chance never could have made all nature so beautiful and harmonious; chance never could have made that most marvelous of all existences, the human soul, and instilled in it its undying longings for perfect bliss. *No, there is a God.*"

From this conclusion he turns to the Bible and finds there revealed just such a God as nature declares must exist. He finds there revealed a perfectly reasonable plan by which all the imperfections of his own nature may be provided for and all the longings of his soul may be satisfied. His irresistible conclusion is, the gospel is divine. He yields to it his assent, *believes* it, and honestly sets himself to complying with all its requirements. Believing, he seeks for spiritual enlightenment, for absolution from the guilt of sin, for freedom from the love of sin, for a saving acquaintance with God. He believes the Word, and the Word says, "Ye must be born again." Impelled by this faith, he desires, he seeks, he believes God's promises; he *trusts*, and in response there comes into his soul the true light, the assurance of sins forgiven, the joys of full salvation.

Here, then, is the foundation for that irresistible, triumphant faith which moves him forward through life a transformed being. It has changed him from a hopeless, desponding child of earth to a cheerful, joyous Christian; from a selfish, grasping miser to a generous philanthropist. It has put a new song into his mouth and moves him on through life, his countenance beaming with the joyous hope of a blissful immortality. To him earth's ills are but trifles which he overcomes with ease, for he is inspired with the assurance that "these light afflictions which are but for a moment work for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Blessed faith! Glorious prospect! Triumphant fight!

I have said this much of faith, and the fight of faith in a general way, but not without a purpose. This day is, to a few of our number, an important day. It is to mark an epoch in the history of their earthly careers. There are to go out from this morning's service those who, as students, have often assembled here, but who, as such, meet here to-day for the last time. To them it is a momentous period. Behind them lie all the realities, pleasantries, struggles, joys of childhood, youth, and student life. Before them is the mysterious, hopeful, uncertain future. Upon this mysterious, hopeful, uncertain future they are about to launch. In *this* sense they are to leave us. And as when the young man—the father's pride, the mother's joy—is about to leave the parental roof to try his fortunes in a far-off, strange land, and though the fond parents for months have been preparing for his safety and success, they now endeavor to give him a few special words of parting admonition—of serious, solicitous advice, so on this occasion do we seek to do the same.

Therefore, to *you*, members of the senior class, do I desire to say as tenderly, as heroically, as impressively as possible, "*Fight the good fight of faith.*" Fight as those do who have for the foundation of all their hopes, aspirations, and inspirations an intelligent, abiding faith in God, faith in the world's Redeemer, faith in the final triumph of right.

You stand at the threshold of active life. For you the period of preparation, of dependence on others, of the careless joyousness of youth is ended. The time for action, for responsibility, for achievement, for the work of life to begin is here. You are to encounter opportunities, dangers, difficulties, opposition, temptation. Not all who embark, as you do

to-day, upon life's voyage successfully weather the gale, thread the channels, round the capes, and safely enter port. Some are dashed upon the rocks of passion and appetite and ruined soon after setting sail. Others have a prosperous, triumphant voyage, and when nearing port are engulfed in the maelstrom of ambition, wealth, and fashion, and go down complete moral wrecks. Others, again, venturing far out upon the unknown sea of metaphysical speculation, become enveloped in the clouds of mysticism and agnosticism, throw away their chart, and paralyze their compass, and from them there never comes any intelligence that tends in the least to permanently benefit the race. This is no picture of fancy. It has been true of many who once set sail under even more favorable circumstances than you do. Be admonished by their fate. Avoid the mistakes that compassed their ruin. Cherish and often consult your chart—God's Word. Do not paralyze your compass—conscience—by yielding to the demands of expediency in opposition to your sense of right.

But as this is a matter of vital importance, bear with me while I particularize. In some respects you enter upon active life at a most critical, dangerous time. As a nation we are moving forward in material prosperity with a rapidity that surpasses that of all other times. In a more comprehensive sense than ever before may it be truly said to-day that money is king. Mammon numbers its votaries by the million. Wealth commands and the millions obey. Haman rides forth and the admirers of pelf and power bow to him. Though we boast of our freedom, money and rum rule the country. Three men, because they control several hundred millions of dollars, can control the election of the President of these United States. None but millionaires enter the United States Senate nowadays. No less an authority than Ex-United States Senator Windom declares that we are to-day actually and practically a rum-ruled nation because of the money there is in the traffic.

Now, young people of pluck, see this—see the power of money; and the danger is that they will conclude that the only road to honorable positions is through the agency of wealth, and bending all their energies in the direction of mammon, will sacrifice principle and outrage their sense of right to become rich and secure positions.

Make not this fatal mistake. Remember that there are

treasures within your reach far more precious than gold or office. Louis Agassiz said he had no time to make money. In bringing to light the hidden truths of science he found delight far surpassing that that is to be found in the possession of gold. And by his valuable contributions to science he reared for himself a monument which for durability and magnificence far exceeds those erected by Rameses or Croesus.

To strive to become wealthy and secure honorable positions is legitimate and laudable, provided the effort be in harmony with the good fight of faith. See to it, then, that your desires and efforts in this direction do not swerve you a hair's breadth from your convictions of duty and honesty. Faith in the final triumph of virtue declares that while a dishonest dollar may add permanently to your bank account, it necessarily bankrupts your conscience—your soul—and compels you to write yourself down a villain. Engrave upon your souls and take as your motto the inspired declaration uttered by Henry Clay, "It is better to be right than to be President." Remember that, even if you could do it, you cannot afford to secure a seat in the United States Senate by fraud, duplicity, and the corrupt use of money; for such a seat so secured, in the very nature of things, brands its possessor a thief, a knave, and a hypocrite, and shuts him out of heaven.

Again, this national thirst for wealth is strongly tending in the direction of neglecting the development of man's moral, spiritual nature. The best and highest part of man is forgotten. The danger of the hour is that even the educated classes will lose out of themselves the most ennobling elements of life, and will satisfy themselves with knowing the seen, and not knowing the unseen God. That these are among the evils and tendencies of the times all thoughtful men must admit. Coming, as you will, in contact with this tendency, I implore you to confront it manfully; and, sustained by an abiding belief of the inspired declaration that "the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are unseen are eternal," fight it to the very death. The best interests of the race demand of you true heroism at this point. Deprive the race of its conviction that God exists, and that man is accountable to him, and human society becomes chaotic and peace and prosperity an impossibility. Hence, in this conflict of belief with unbelief, be not indif-

ferent spectators—be heroes. Inspired by faith, take your stand, assert your convictions, *fight*. Truth and right demand this of you; your own soul's interests demand this of you. You cannot have a strong, self-conscious respect for yourself if you do less than this.

Again, in your individual lives live in accordance with the gospel idea. Remember that it is our *being*, rather than our *doing*, that requires our attention. We may *do* right without *being* right; but we cannot *be* right without *doing* right. *Doing* right follows naturally out of *being* right. Hence, carefully scrutinize and properly regulate your inner life. Inspiration declares, "As a man thinketh *in his heart*, so is he."

The world to-day is greatly given to deception. But a true faith assures its possessor that, in the end, low cunning, duplicity, and false show must go to the wall. "God looketh on the heart." In proportion as you are right *at heart* will be your influence in favor of right. Therefore, if you are to be a power to raise men above the self-seeking and passion-slavery of a carnal life, you must yourself, in your thoughts and aspirations, be elevated to this higher moral plane. You must show, *by yourselves* and *in yourselves*, that wealth is not essential to happiness, and that there is in the soul what no outward loss or gain can destroy or create. In your college course you have acquired a certain amount of knowledge, a certain strength of discipline of the mental faculties. But, in addition to this, we have earnestly sought to lead you into the inner, intellectual, spiritual life. By entering this realm your lives are placed upon this highest plane, and you are enabled, if you will, to know in yourselves the noblest manhood. There is no one of you but has the consciousness of this whenever he turns his most serious thought upon himself, and has his deepest insight into what is best within himself. Surely, then, if there is an inspiration breathing itself into your souls from these past years, or a call of duty as you go forth from this college, which speaks to you with a clearer voice than any other, it is that you should carry forward with you to the end this life of the mind and soul, the reality and value of which you have already been made to appreciate.

But to do this you must "fight." There will come times when worldly interests and fidelity to the interests and

promptings of this soul-life will conflict. It was so with Timothy, with Paul; it has been so with all the great and good of earth; it will be so with you. Oh, then, "*fight the good fight of faith.*"

There may also come times when, entangled and bewildered in the deceptive nets and blinding fogs of metaphysical speculations and atheistic agnosticism, you will be tempted to conclude that the very foundations of faith are giving way; when, looking upon the world from a human standpoint, you will see, or think you see that condition of things prevalent in human affairs so graphically portrayed in the Seventy-third Psalm—the wicked triumphant and the righteous cast down, fraud and deception successful and honesty derided; when you will be tempted to doubt everything, even that God exists. This, in the language of Doctor Robertson, is an awful hour to him who experiences it: "When this life has lost its meaning, and seems shriveled into a span; when the grave appears to be the end of all, and human goodness nothing but a name; and the sky above this universe a dead expanse, black with the void from which God himself has disappeared. In that fearful loneliness of spirit, that seething cauldron of doubt and dread, I know but one way in which a man may come forth from his agony scatheless. It is by holding fast to the *foundations* of his faith, to those things that are certain still, the grand, simple, immovable landmarks of Christianity. In the darkest hour through which a human soul can pass, whatever else is doubtful, these at least are certain. Even if there be no God and no future state, yet even then it is better to be generous than selfish, better to be chaste than licentious, better to be true than false, better to be brave than to be a coward. Blessed beyond all earthly blessedness is the man who, in the tempestuous darkness of the soul, has dared to hold fast to these venerable landmarks. Thrice blessed is he who, when all is drear and cheerless within and without, when his teachers terrify him and his friends shrink from him, has obstinately clung to moral good. Thrice blessed, because his night shall pass into clear, bright day. Having passed through that hour of agony, he stands upon the rock at last, the surges stilled below him, and the last cloud drifted from the sky above, with a faith and hope and trust no longer traditional, but his own—a trust which neither earth nor hell can shake henceforth forever." He has fought "the good fight of faith."

Again, be not timid doubters. Think your own thoughts; come to your own conclusions; have the courage of your convictions. The world needs to-day men and women who not only have opinions on all the great moral, social issues of the day, but who, inspired by faith in the triumph of right, dare to declare and defend those opinions. Time-serving, expediency, bigotry, narrow-minded partisanship are shackling truth, obstructing justice, clogging the wheels of progress, and prolonging the reign of fraud, monopoly, and ruin. Open your eyes to these facts, and, Samson-like, rend these cords with which the partisan would bind you and assert your liberty. Let your faith in God assure you that when you conscientiously do your duty, as God gives you to see your duty, that then, and then only will the Omnipotent justify your act and, for you, take care of the consequences. The thinking of this college, and of every Christian college, is an independent thinking—a thinking that recognizes the right of each honest, God-fearing man to his own opinions—a thinking that recognizes the fact that “every man shall give account for himself to God.” But it is not a thinking which ends in negations. Human experience has demonstrated that it is the possession of *positive* truth that gives energy and effectiveness and heroic enthusiasm and highest worth to all living. All the moral heroes of the world have been men of positive convictions. A negative faith may beget hesitancy—may obstruct, but it never can lead to victory.

Again, remember that this “fight of faith” is a life of conflict. It is not for a few days. He who would win must not enlist for a limited number of years, but for “*during the war*,” and the war ends only with death. “Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life,” is the divine command and promise. Constant, unswerving fidelity all through life is required. It requires but little courage or self-denial to defend the right when the right is popular. When the multitude shouted “Hosanna!” Peter marched boldly in the procession, and doubtless shouted, too; but in the judgment-hall, even the words of a timid maiden caused him to deny with an oath. He who stands by his convictions of duty defends his Master through evil report as well as through good report, standing alone as well as with the multitude even unto death. He is the moral hero. And it is when the interests of truth demand that you stand alone in

its defense that your true mettle will be put to the severest test. Such times will come to *you*, and well will it be then, inspired by loyalty to truth and right, you "fight the good fight of faith." It is under such circumstances that the qualities of the true hero manifest themselves. Well has the poet said:

"Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—
They were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for
Hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene, and down the future
Saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice,
Mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood,
And to God's supreme design."

If, in the providence of God, some great reform in the interests of humanity require that you stand alone, bravely take your position. Garrison and Phillips were egged and stoned, and Lovejoy was murdered, because they dared to stand out conspicuously in opposition to slavery. Think you their names will ever perish? Haddock and Gambrel have been assassinated because they dared to cry out against the iniquitous rum traffic. Think you they died in vain? Just as Leonidas and his Spartan band, by heroically dying at Thermopylæ, bequeathed the boon of liberty to Greece, so these heroes and martyrs have bequeathed to their country the inestimable example of noble daring in defense of truth and right; and their names will be cherished by the good and great long after the names of their persecutors and murderers have perished from the earth.

Again, I would warn you against a growing tendency among educated men to abandon the Christian religion for a secular theory based on science and culture. President Porter, on retiring from Yale University, in June last, called attention to this in the following apt, impressive manner: "A vigorous Christianity is needed in our colleges and universities to counteract and overcome tendencies which are active in science and culture of our time. These tendencies are the natural tendencies of science and culture when pursued for selfish ends and uncontrolled by the higher aims of

religion and the love of man. Science stimulates and rewards the love of power. It takes individual effort and rewards it with the pleasure of interpreting nature's secrets, of understanding her laws, and imitating or sympathizing with her skill. So long as science recognizes these powers and laws as the powers and actings of God, so long does she open the gateway to worship and faith. So long as her devotee is trained to the docility of a little child, it is almost the same whether he knocks at the door of the hall of science or at the door of the kingdom of heaven.

But as soon as the investigator begins to imagine *himself* to be the Creator; so soon as the interpretations of the scientist are mistaken for the plan that was devised and the agent which executes; so soon as the order and unfolding of the plan sets aside both thinker and actor, then emerges the scientific atheism of our day. But the fact that we are students lays upon us the additional obligation to try our faith by the light of reason and to justify and shape our devotion by the tests of culture. If we think as philosophers, we must ask and answer the question whether philosophy of necessity accepts or denies the living, personal God. If we answer this question in the negative, we must sadly and sorrowfully turn our faces to the wall, blank and chilly though it be, which shuts the living God forever out of our light, and on which we write in vain some meaningless formulas or paint a few brilliant pictures. If we answer "yes," we rejoice as none but the believing philosopher can in the ten thousand voices with which he hears the universe of law and order reëcho with the praises of the Father of spirits.

My young friends, whenever and wherever you encounter this specious modern culturism oppose it, and let your opposition be that which has for its foundation a firm belief of the fact that when the advance of true intellectual, moral culture has swept away all the rubbish of false theories, Christianity will remain as it ever has been, the brilliant star of Bethlehem, seen by the eye of faith and leading on to the paradise of God.

Certain it is that the signs of the times point clearly to the not distant future when even political science will discover that it can neither state nor correctly solve its problems without recognizing man as a moral, spiritual being and man's

relations to God and duty and faith. Let the power of this Christian faith be your perpetual inspiration to a faithful Christian life.

Once more, let me inspire you with firmness and enthusiasm in your determination to fight this good fight, by assuring you that in it there is no danger, not even the possibility of defeat. In it you can but win. In respect to worldly hopes and prospects you may be disappointed. It often happens that when the coveted earthly prize is about to be grasped it eludes us. It was so with Webster, it was so with Clay, it was so with Tilden, it was so with Blaine. The pathway of life, in so far as the pleasures and treasures of earth are concerned, is strewn with blasted hopes and broken promises. At best earth pleasures fade and decay and earth's joys are fleeting. Wrecked fortunes, blasted hopes, and ruined reputations—how full the world is of these! How terribly men have been disappointed as to the outcome of their earthly struggles. Not so, however, as to the result of the good fight of faith. Our divine Master said, "Not as the world giveth give I unto you; let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." The ultimate result of this good fight is complete victory *in every case*. Inspired by a living faith, the fighters zealously, conscientiously comply with all the conditions of triumph. Each individual life may, and should contribute to the advancement of righteousness in the world, and the life that does this to the extent of its ability and circumstances answers life's great end. The working of individual men and women in their individual spheres bears the world on to purity and truth. This you may all do.

Remember that the all-seeing Eye is upon you, that the infinite God is pledged to attach the proper effects to the causes you set in motion, and that an act honestly performed, a ballot conscientiously cast is not forgotten by him. Years ago in the city of Cincinnati, when to befriend a negro was to socially ostracize him who had the temerity to do so, a promising young lawyer dared to defend an escaped slave in open court. Worldly-wise men thought he had ruined all his future prospects. They knowingly winked at each other and said, "What a pity a young man of so much promise should blast all his prospects by stooping to secure a fair trial for a nigger." But God was carefully looking down upon that scene, and especially upon that young man's heart. That noble act in behalf of God's oppressed was not forgotten.

As a direct result of it, and in less than twenty-five years, Salmon P. Chase (that same young man) was exalted to a seat in the United States Senate. How wonderfully, in his case, was verified the divine declaration, "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

Lastly, you will encounter the political and social struggles incident to our form of government. See to it, then, that no personal or partisan considerations turn you a hair's breadth from your honest conviction of duty. See to it that you stand boldly on the side of law and against anarchy; on the side of the Christian Sabbath and against the Parisian holiday Sunday; on the side of the purity of the ballot-box and against ballot-box stuffing; on the side of the home and against the saloon; and having taken your stand, fight the good fight of faith, even if you should stand alone.

In the coming ages, when this republic shall have been purified; when law shall be revered and obeyed by all; when by all the Christian Sabbath shall be observed in spirit; when the vote-buying, ballot-box stuffing, tally-sheet forging politician shall have ceased to exist; when there shall be no saloon and no legalized rum traffic to make war upon the home, the pure and the true of that day will look back upon those who now boldly declare against these vicious enemies of humanity with the same awe and reverence that the good men and women of the entire nation now look back upon Washington, Lincoln, Garrison, Sumner, and their illustrious compeers. In their day they championed the right when the right was in the minority, and posterity reveres their memory, because they "*fought the good fight of faith.*"

Above all things, my young friends, be true to your divine Master. Wherever he leads do not hesitate to follow. Soon you will go out from this college to be associated with us no more. Our friendly intercourse, hitherto so pleasant, so endearing, must cease. In this world we shall never meet again as now. The thought gives us pain. But for all who follow in the Master's footsteps, by and by there will be a joyful reunion. When, in a few short years, life's battles are fought, life's tears are shed, life's victories are won, then, in answer to the Master's tender call,

"We shall meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll,
Where in all the height forever
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul."

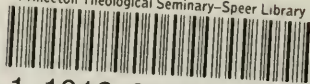
It is said that at the battle of Waterloo, Lord Wellington, comprehending the importance to him of a certain position, ordered a large division of his army to hold it at all hazards. The commander responded, "Tell his lordship he'll find us there." After the battle was over, they were found at their post—all dead. But they held the position, and so the victory was won.

See to it, my young friends, that when life's great conflict is ended you are all found at your posts. Equipped for this conflict, then, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, "fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life." Amen.



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